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DIVIDED.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

A Cockle store is twist them trees,
Dark roll in billows of sorrow and pain;
And a haunted wold and a barren shore
Stops in to wild wans encamping.

No lilies gladden its cleaky ereard!
But there are dim footprints in the sand,
And over a wailing ary of pain
Drifts ever in eddies of wind and rain.

And the name of this sorrowful store is Pelds!
Oh! dark are its billows, and dreary its tides,
And the gloom of its midnight flood is crossed
By the wail of a poor forever lost!

Steering the strand of its solemn flood,
Lie the pale vessels of the lovers and good;
And the frozen smile on the lips of Death
Is not more cold than their moored faith!

The Temple of Beauty once their core,
The haughty spoiler hath overthrown;
The glory dismantled, the shrines laid low,
Where they were worshipped long ago!

The scornful steps of their grief and pain
Fall with the falling wind and rain,
And the voice of the wild floods hurrying by
Moans for their passionless agony!

THE FORTUNES OF CONRAD.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT BRITTANY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PROPHECY.

The Abbey of Saint Aubin was one of the oldest Benedictine institutions of Brittany; and Dagobert, the abbot, was one of the oldest of the church magnates. He had been present at the crowning of three kings, and was then to be present at the crowning of the fourth. He was a man of robust frame and iron nerve, and of healthy temperament; and although his locks and beard were white as the purest snow, the light of his eye and the color of his cheek, throughout the whole realm he was regarded as an oracle of truth and wisdom; and the nobility respected him, while the common people loved and reverenced him. He had seen the lights and shadows of more than ninety years; and though his hair was white as snow, and his body deeply furrowed, yet his form was erect and his eye was clear. He bore the attire and the cowl, and wielded the spiritual empire over all that part of the kingdom east of the river Vilaine.

Dagobert sat beneath one of the trees in the court of the abbey, and with him were Francesco and Marguerite. They had been conversing some time, and their entire manner was of interest and importance was evident from the earnestness of their tones and gestures.

"It is best that the boy should leave the kingdom," said the abbot, in answer to a remark which Marguerite had made. "We will do our duty if we can. It is not for me to imagine what might be the result of making known his true name and station. It might open a pleasant way to him, and it might doom him to disaster and violent death. That he will be has been fearful and happy enough; and if his peace is to continue, we must send him away."

"Where shall we send him?" asked Francesco.

"I ah," replied Dagobert, shaking his head, "if he had come up as we had hoped, that question would have been easily answered. If he had then could have been, I could have opened the tokens to the church, and discovered. But I do not say to his speedy advancement. We cannot be here blame you, Francesco, for an old soldier be appointed to the place; nor can an old soldier be expected to forget the lessons of his youth. If there is any blame, it must rest upon me. However, I think the boy's safety may be easily provided for. I shall go to Vannes within a few days, and I will make some arrangement for sending him away. I think I could find a safe home for him with my sister? That is far enough away from Brittany; and I have friends there to whom I can recommend you."

The woman cared not whither she went, so that Conrad would be safe. She had given a promise to the boy's mother, and she wished to keep it if she could.

"Then let it rest as it is until we see Conrad."

Then speaking the abbot arose and walked with Francesco to the abbey, while Marguerite remained seated beneath the trees.

"I am not easy," said the dame to herself, after she was left alone. "They do not feel so anxious as I feel. The boy must not be discovered. I promised his mother; and I will keep the promise if I can. No good can come of his remaining in Brittany."

She was soliloquizing thus when she was interrupted by the approach of old Winnie, who walked with a staff.

"A blessing upon thee, my sister," said the new-comer.

Marguerite returned the salutation, and asked the stranger if she would sit down and rest herself.

"No; I am not in need of rest. I am in search of a woman named Marguerite."

"I am Marguerite."

"I have a message from Rence."

"I am expecting a message from that very place."

"The message is from a youth, named Conrad."

"Good!" cried the dame, eagerly. "It is for me the message is intended."

"Do you know a woman named Rachel?"

"Yes. She is blind—keeper at the castle."

"The very same. It is Rachael who has brought the message, and she is close at hand to deliver it. Shall I bring her hither?"

"Where is she?"

"She stopped at the little cot by the lodge."

"I will go and see her."

The messenger turned to retrace her steps, and Marguerite followed her. They passed out at the gate, and not far away they found the cot, which they entered. The outer door was closed, and when Marguerite knocked, no Rachel answer was heard, as around noon. Those who usually inhabited the cot were not there. They secretly had concealed her from the knowledge of the guard, and were watching with a fond, loving trust.

"My good woman," said the nun, "my name is Marian, and I have come to Saint Aubin on purpose to see you. You have not the least cause for alarm."

"But where is Rachel?"

"She is Rachel?"

"The old female keeper of the castle."

"O,—that was a little pleasantry on the part of one of my nuns. But, as we heard naked a capital old woman when he tries. But, dear Marguerite, this is all time for a good cackling purpose. You are wanted in Vannes. Now don't start, nor be frightened—and don't refuse to make any disturbance, for it cannot benefit you. The people who lukaldt this cot I have sent away for a season; so we have the place all to ourselves."

"But are you from Conrad?"

"Just the same. You will see Conrad when we reach the end of our journey. But we won't stop to converse here."

Marguerite was frightened, and on the first opportunity she sprang toward the door; but she found it fastened. Then she turned and sank down upon her knees.

"Don't pray to me, my good woman. If ah the priests in Brittany were on duty here, as you are, I could not listen to them."

"But where is Conrad?" she cried, as he again; but she broke from him and rushed towards the little open window. Quick as thought she sprang, however, she was pulled forcibly back, and thrown upon the floor.

"Now, I supposent," said Merlin, stooping over her; "but you have me to thank."

She sprang up in as he spoke, and the woman's hands were quickly that latched her, and her mouth was gagged. Then they lifted up, and bore her out by a back way into a dense wood which grew near to the cot. She struggled with all her might; but her efforts were in vain.

* * * * * * *

In the early evening Prince Bertrand sat in his closet, wondering how his agents were succeeding. Where was Fintan? He had been of anything yet? Where was Marian? Would he bring Marguerite? He was muttering to himself of these things, when Polus came in and informed him that Fintan was waiting.

The prince started up, and ordered that Fintan should be shown in.

The man-at-arms entered with a downcast, troubled look.

"How now, Fintan? What success?"

"My lord, I hardly dare speak to you the truth. I would rather that my body were buried in the rough waste of the sea, than that my tongue should be forced to the story I have to tell."

Bertrand rose to his feet with an angry gesture; but before he suffered himself to speak he gained control of his temper.

"Tell me the truth," he said. "I am prepared for anything."

"The truth is this, my lord: I had been on the watch for Conrad de Nord, and this afternoon I saw him walk down upon the seashore with the Duke of Rennes. I followed, with my men, being careful to keep out of sight behind the rocks. By and by the duke was called back to his house, and the youth was left alone. I thought the time was now come to strike the blow, and Harold offered to do the work. In fact, he was eager for the privilege. I knew him to be a cool, brave man, and an expert swordsman; and I let him go. The first part of his work he performed very well. He excited the young fellow to wrath, and got him to draw his sword. But he could not hold a poker against the mountaineer. He went down in a very few moments, with a hole through his body. I saw that the rest of us opposed, and the fellow sprang into a narrow passage between two huge rocks, where he could set behind us. We could not follow him in a body, and he could strike him down as we entered. So I ordered that Harold and our men attack the fellow, and I would go around by the other way. But Harold had not stood before the marvelous skill of that fellow's sword, and he fell dead in less than a minute after the first blow had been struck.

"I did not expect to find the youngster to do any more valiantly; so I sent two of my men around to attack him in the rear, and I and Reoul and I held him in front; but before we could get into close contact in the narrow pass of the dead guard appeared, followed by a number of his men, and we were overcome as quickly as possible. Indeed, my lord, we did the best we could. I did not think of failure so high as he proved himself, sir—"

"You would have made an assassination of it," cried Bertrand. "By the mass, that is the way I should have done. The fellow is a very demon of skill and address."

"I trust, my lord, that you will not suffer your anger to retaliate me. Indeed, I did—"

"Peace, fool! I am very pleased; but I am not angry with you. Perhaps, at some time, you may make up for this. I shall look you to the performance of a bold deed one of these days."

"Anything, my lord. Command me as you will. The man was secret and sincere; for he had expected a fall of eighty wrath upon his head. He was just calling from his knees, when Polus made his appearance, with the announcement that Marian had returned.

"Ha!" cried the prince, starting at the sound upon his feet. "Where is she? Let her come in with him. I shall feel some recompense. Go, Fintan, and keep your eye open, and also keep your sword sharp."

Fintan withdrew, and shortly afterwards Marian entered the apartment.

"Speak, Marian. I have had one note of failure since the night set in."

"The second note will not be sounded by me, my lord."

"Ah,—you have succeeded?"

"I have. The woman for whom you sent me is now in your safe custody, and not sound."

"You are she is. She is the woman who reared Conrad de Nord. She lived at the Abbey of Saint Aubin; I saw her in company with the old abbot and Francesco, and afterward I was directed easily into our power through the information of Francesco."

"Good! good! You shall have your reward, Marian. The woman is secured?"

"She is."

"And keep her until I send for her. See that she has such refreshment as she may need, and let her know that she is treated with kindness and respect."

"Now, my brave friend," continued Bertrand, as soon as Marian had gone, "go and bring Fintan hither. Let nothing stop him. I must see him this very night."

In less than an hour the old monk presented himself in the prince's apartment. His first look was upon the table, and a shadow crossed his face when he saw that the board was bare. Bertrand noticed the look, and he directed Polus to bring wine.

"My lord, the wine was gone from the good father's floor; and with a smack of the lips and an extra show of his little eyes, he turned to Bertrand.

"Father Jerome, the woman is here."

"Marguerite?"

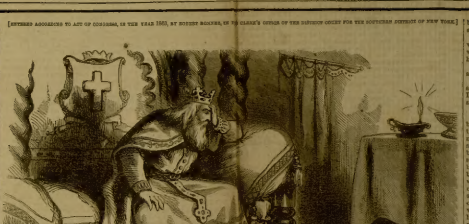
"Yes."

"Have you questioned her?"

"No. I did not venture. I thought you had better do it."

"You were right, my son. I remember the woman well, and I think she must remember me. But, before we question her, there are some things to be considered."

"Consider well, good father," said the prince, "for upon the result hangs the future and crowns of Saint Aliun."



THE POOR OLD KING'S DISCOVERY.

The monk nodded his head, and winked sensually.

"I understand, my son. Do not think I forget Saint Aliun. I was thinking that this woman must be approached very carefully. Except her own to all contact of the youth, and if she thought we meant him harm, no power could get her to us. We must make her believe that we are laboring for the fellow's good."

"Certainly. We can manage it as you please. I leave it entirely in your hands."

"Then we will see if it be true."

"I think not. As all events, I don't know what I can see her."

"Very well. I am ready to see her."

Polus was called, and directed to bring Marguerite into the chamber.

In a little while the woman came, pale and frightened, and trembling at every joint; but when she saw the monk a spark of hope gleamed in her eye, and instinctively she put her hands out towards him. The holy garb seemed to be a harbinger of safety. Father Jerome saw the effect, and he rightly guessed its cause.

"My good sister," he said, rising, and extending his hand, "you have nothing to fear. You are safe, and your condition shall be respected."

"Holy father, what means this violence? Why have I been thus dragged from my friends by armed men?" She gave the monk her hand, and her look and tones were trusting.

"Be seated, Marguerite, and I will explain." Dagobert was there! she said, as she sat down.

"Certainly I know you. Have you forgotten me?"

She looked into his face as he turned it to watch her, and presently she recognized him.

"You are Father Jerome."

"Yes, Marguerite. I think it is over twenty years since last we met."

"Three years more than that," said Marguerite.

"Ah,—yes—yes—yes right. How time passes away. You and I have both changed; but I trust that neither of us will be born to be to that the measure of good."

"If it has done so in the past, I pray God may be so in the future!" ejaculated the dame, who also looked upon the priest, and a sudden tremor shook her frame.

"You behold a stranger," said Bertrand, smiling.

"Is you not, sir prince?" asked Marguerite.

"What makes you think so?"

"Your face—your dress—your bearing. You are a knight."

"Good child," interposed the monk. "you are right; but we have given you that the prince desires to be your friend. It was at my request that you were sent for; and if you have been dragged hither, then our servants did wrong. Did you know that Conrad de Nord was in Vannes?"

"I have learned so since I left Saint Aubin. O, it he safe, good father?" Marguerite cast a quick, piercing glance at the prince, and then lowered her gaze upon the monk.

"He is safe and well, my sister; and we desire to promote his welfare. I will not conceal from you that he is in danger; but we hope, with your assistance, to save him. If you will listen to me—if you will trust me—I will show you how he can be saved; or, at least, how I hope he may be saved. I could not, else, have been tempted to regard the prince as his friend."

Marguerite's quick glance of fear was sweeter enough, and the monk continued.

"But you have no occasion to apprehend such danger. That the prince has feared this youth is true; but I have assured him that he had no just occasion for such fear; and I have sent for you to confirm him in that assurance."

It was evident that the woman was prepared to trust the holy man; for she regarded him hopefully, and hung eagerly upon his words. She still trembled, but it was from deep anxiety and concern.

"Speak to me, father, and tell me what is to be done. The boy is true and good, and he deserves not ill-fortune."

"Marguerite," said the Benedictine, speaking with a show of religious fearfulness, "the boy's whole danger lies in the mystery that enshrouds his birth."

The good dame turned pale at these words, and trembled like an aspen.

"Be not alarmed," resumed Jerome, persuasively. "I think I know his birth; and, if I be right, I can save your boy. Will you answer me truly?"

"As my father."

"Then give me your attention." The monk bent forward with his hands folded, and continued: "There came from the Holy Father, at Rome, a message. He was a general in the army, named Aldrich. His wife was of gentle and was ambitious. His consort combined, and secured the life of the king, organized a spired against the life of the king, organized a revolt of nations, and plotting a most fearful rebellion; and in this plot he was accused by his wife. The plot was discovered and frustrated before its consummation, and the leaders were arrested. Marcesa and Marcellus, who were not only sentenced to death, but their whole family were included in the fatal decree. Marcellus had a young infant, even then upon her breast—a boy—and this boy, the offspring of such wicked traitors and conspirators, was condemned by the laws of the realm. There was no power on earth could pardon him. Even the king could not do it for it is written in the book that the children of parents who have conspired against the king's life must die. Marcellus had friends, and her infant's life was saved. It was brought away by the nurse of a powerful lady, and the story was told that the infant was dead. Have I not spoken truly?"

Marguerite was fearfully convinced. Her frame shook, and her breast heaved, as though her heart would leap from its place.

"Have I not spoken truly, my sister?"

"Who—who—have you told me this story? Why do you ask me if it is true?"

"Because I have a purpose. Ah, Marguerite, the mystery is now out in the world."

The woman clasped her hands, and sobs most like a wail burst from her heaving bosom.

"My sister, you have nothing to fear for your boy. Rather, you have much to hope. Having seen are trying to make use of him, and the prince only desires to have him under his country. Now mother me! Was not the infant child of Marcellus of noble birth?"

Marguerite did not answer. She gazed with a wonder stare towards the monk, as though some other object stood between him and her.

"Will you not answer, good sister?"

"Suppose the child of Marcellus was saved?" said the dame, in a low, weak whisper. "Suppose that child still lived?"

"Then it would be I," returned Jerome.

"And death would be his portion?"

Marguerite's head sank, and she rested her brow upon her hands.

"Here is a splendid advantage of the opportunity, and gilded noiselessly to the monk's side.

"Remember," he whispered, "the prince must lose it now. If you would gain the rulers of the golden crown of Saint Aliun we too grand of promise she may demand stick in your throat."

"My good sister," said the monk, as the woman removed her hands from her face, "you have a false impression. If that boy lives he may be saved. If Conrad de Nord is that boy, we will save him!"

Marguerite started up in an instant.

"Do you swear that?" she cried.

The Benedictine would have hesitated; but a look from the prince was sufficient to move him. The golden crown of Saint Aliun was too grand a prize to be lost.

"Who swears it?"

"I," said Bertrand; "I swear it!"

"Then I am safe!"

"Yes, I am safe," echoed Jerome. "Is Conrad de Nord the child of those proscribed and executed parents?"

As the answer fell from Marguerite's lips, she sank back in her chair, with a faint gasp, and in a moment more the monk caught her in his arms.

"God save us!" exclaimed Bertrand. "Has she been overcome?" Must we yeah this further? Can you not send the boy away at—"

"Hush, my son!" interposed the monk, glancing his foot. "Shall we suffer such a prize to live? My father Jerome, we should be exiling against the laws of the land. If the history of this woman moves you not—"

"Enough, my lord. I am with you to the end."

"Good, my brave monk. See me through with this, and I'm another year you shall invite the king to sit at your table of Saint Aliun."

Without another word Bertrand wished to assent to the proposition, while Bertrand continued to converse and care for the fainting woman.

CHAPTER XX.

WEB CASES!

Rosaline of Rennes was surrounded by a strong force of her father's guard, reached Vannes early in the evening, where all was in readiness for her reception. The duke smilingly chided her for the haste she had made in leaving the castle; but the chiding did not grieve her.

"Were you afraid to remain there?" he asked, with his hand upon her head.

"No, father."

"Ah, you were lonesome, Rosaline; and your lonesomeness was not wholly because your father was away."

She looked up into his face with an expression of love, and of sadness; and before she spoke a

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bright tear gathered upon the long silken lashes, and rolled down the soft cheek.

"Dear father, I have no desire to hide my evil feelings. I did wish to see you once, and I wished to see another — I missed you both. But it was not wholly that. The cold cruelty is not so bright when you are away as it used to be. When I am left alone with all its great walls I feel the weight of mourning settling upon my spirits. I have no motive now to share my thoughts."

The duke took her hand, and imprinted a kiss upon the fair brow; and then he drew his child to his bosom. The name of his wife was mingled with a sigh from his lips, and a tear rolled down his manly cheek.

"I am glad you are here, Rosaline; for your presence is as the sunlight in my path. So make yourself perfectly easy, and assume your position as mistress of the house."

He called the parent's sidelong, and ere long the smiles came back to Rosaline's face. After she had changed her raiment and partaken of refreshment, she rejoined her father in the drawing-room, where Conrad was waiting a great her. The duke, when he had witnessed the meeting of the lovers, walked away to an alcove, and communed with himself. He saw plainly that the love between Conrad and Rosaline was deep and powerful, and he knew that a sundering of the tie would be worse than fatal.

"But it cannot be," he soliloquized. "There is no possibility of that now. It is not possible, I will make him noble. I will make him noble in station, as God has made him noble in nature. I will not allow the thought of failure to come. He is worthy, and he will be true. And the rest, I leave it in the hands of fate."

He returned and sat down with the youthful couple, and for an hour or more the conversation was general and interesting. Rosaline became more than ever charmed by Conrad's wit and intelligence, and more than ever was he fixed immovably in admiration from his fips. Reason, then, reserved, fatigued by its many struggles, arose to retire; first before she had ridden her father replied calmly, as servants opened the door and called him out.

"I will see him in the hall," he said, turning, and retired with the maid to Conrad.

Blessed one! the youth exclaimed, drawing the maiden to his bosom, "I have not words to express when you are miss on more, I shall remember these moments as the happiest and sweetest of my life!"

"Dear Conrad, why speak you so? O, do not whisper such thoughts. What would you do now?"

"Perhaps—nothing!"

"Tut! you fool. What is it, Conrad? Surely nothing is wrong?"

"No, my sweet love. It was but a passing shock. O, can it be possible that such a heaven is to be taken on earth? Can I be so favored and glad by the hands, and gazed down into her face, and then pressed his lips upon her brow.

"I am yours, Conrad—yours forever!" she murmured, returning his kiss. "I am yours, and to-night be the happy harbingers of a blissful future."

"Heaven bless you, love!"

Rosaline smiled a blissful return; and so they separated.

When the duke returned there was a troubled look upon his face, and he regarded our hero for some moments, as though he knew not exactly what the language he was to use.

"Conrad, my friend, nothing the effect, "you have something to say to me."

"Yes," returned Conrad, rising, and trying to assume a free expression. "Something connects has come to pass. Is the king well for to-day?"

"Send for me—the king!" repeated the youth. "What can he want with me at this hour?"

"Indeed, my son, I cannot imagine; but we will soon ascertain. Go, Conrad, and if he is found an hour to spare—he may have been busy through the day."

"Yet, my lord—"

"Let us not anticipate any evil," interrupted the duke. "While I am with you, you have nothing to fear. We will hasten to the summons at once."

Conrad had no disposition to oppose the arrangement, and yet he was not easy. However, the warrant of his lord gave him something to lean upon, and he prepared for the visit without any more of fear.

Hiccbia was called, with a squad of his men, to accompany his master to the royal palace, and when all was ready they set off. In the palace were they were met by the Lord de Sevrace, who conducted the duke and Conrad to where the king's chamber.

"My dear captain," said Calmir, speaking as that Conrad was overtaken, "can you tell me what is the meaning of this untimely summons?"

"I cannot, my lord," replied Sir Philip; "though I suspect," he added, after turning his head to see that their attendants were not too near, "that the prince has made some new complaint. Bertrand was here this morning for an hour ago, and when he had been there half an hour, the royal robe flushed for summoning the Duke of Rennes and Conrad de Nord."

"I have no fears of my conduct in the palaces can make," said the duke; "and I think I know what he both now as regards that of the count. None of his best can we missing. If that should be the case, I shall only be too happy to be the one to end testify."

When they reached the door of the royal apartment, Sir Philip went in to advance, and presently came back and the visitors were told to follow him.

The chamber was well lighted, and the king and the prince seemed to be there alone. When Conrad beheld the dark and troubled brow of the aged monarch, and marked the lines of care which had been so deeply drawn upon the noble brow, he was moved with pity; but when his gaze rested upon the stern features of the prince and his teeth were shut closely together, and a heavier frown gathered upon his brow.

Theobald leaned forward as Conrad approached him, and raised his head where he was, so as to shade them from the glare of the hanging lamps.

"Sire," began the duke, "I have here to answer to your summons; and Conrad de Nord accompanies me."

"Is this Conrad de Nord?" asked the king.

"That is my name, your majesty," said Conrad, advancing another step, and bowing.

Theobald gazed long and earnestly upon the youthful face, and his lips moved as though he were muttering his thoughts to himself.

"This is the man," said the prince; "and I think we had better proceed. It is late, and you are growing weary, my father."

The king roused himself, and turned to his captain.

"Sir Philip, the young man is in your custody for the present, sir."

Sir Bernard bowed, and drew near to the side of Conrad de Nord.

"Calmir," pursued Theobald, in a tremulous, uncertain tone, "I have a most unpleasant work upon my hands—a work which I would gladly avoid did not the stern laws of Brittany point the way I must go."

"Sire," answered the duke, respectfully, "let the law of the realm be obeyed. I am ready to bow to them."

"This youth, whom you have taken to your friendship, my good cousin, is also under the law."

"Of course he is, sire."

"Then we will waste no time. You shall quickly know, Calmir, why I have sent for you. Let the book be brought in."

Bertrand turned towards a side door, which was soon opened by a captain, and presently Father Jerome entered the chamber, and approached the royal seat. He then retired with Bertrand at once, and the book upon his face showed that a feeling of dreadful solemnity was pressing to every like. Father Jerome, when he had received the king, seated his eyes upon Conrad de Nord. There was a slight quiver of frame, and his lips were compressed, but he betrayed no further emotion.

"Good father," said Theobald, "before we make any accusation against this young man, we would hear the story you have to tell."

"Sire," replied the Benedictine, "the laws of the land, and the command of my king, bosom to-day, when I was forced to reveal to this house three or four-and-twenty years ago there was formed in Vennes a most deadly plot against the life of the king. Foremost among the conspirators was Count Conrad—a good Princess, and Marcellian, the wife of Marcom, was so deeply implicated as was her husband. Both families had formerly been in the service of the count, and she was then exalted to by the pious for the entrances of the conspirators into the royal palace. But the first conspirator was discovered before the fatal blow could be struck, and the conspirators were punished as traitors. Marcom and Marcellian were doomed to death, and it was then discovered that the count's family should suffer death."

The monarch trembled, and the king, shuddering with the memory of that terrible ordeal, "that the count was not to be found. The wife of Brittany condemned to death the children of her husband's enemy, and would not be free to the king. You understand this, my lord duke?"

"Yes," replied Calmir, with an expression of painful anxiety, "I understand that."

Theobald nodded to the monk, who then proceeded:

"Marcellian had an infant son, only a few months old, in whom her deepest love was centered. This child she desired to save; and by the assistance of those who sought its life, she succeeded in accomplishing her purpose. She killed her own child, and saved the prince to the world that it had died. Here, I was that woman's penitence and confession, and I was confessed to me what she had done, and I saw her father, Count Conrad, arrested and executed. Then the end of the confessional was upon my lips. The secret was mine, and there was no longer any danger to the king."

"Do you know, sire, where that child away?" asked Theobald.

"Yes, sire. I remember very well. It was a woman then in the service of Mary of Anjou, who received the infant."

"My son," said the king, turning to the prince, "have you this woman in attendance?"

"I have, sire."

"Let her be introduced."

Marguerite was led into the royal presence by the Benedictine, and she sank down on her knees. She knew that she was before the king, for Jerome had pointed out to her the monarch upon the troubled visitority, and when she saw Conrad she would have sprung towards him, but the monk restrained her.

"Be tranquil," he whispered. "Offend not here upon his knees. For some moments suffer silence."

Conrad de Nord, when he saw the woman who had been to him as a mother in the royal chamber, grasped the arm of Sir Philip for support. He was well and strong, but he seemed whirling in many circles before him. His breath came short, and his heart beat heavily beneath his vest.

The Duke of Rennes stood like a block of stone, with his arms tightly folded upon his breast.

"Woman," spoke Theobald, "do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sire," she replied, in a whisper; "I know you very well. I have seen you often."

"Look upon the man who stands by your side—him who has been to you better. Do you know him?"

"I remember him, sire."

"Now turn and look upon the youth who stands by the side of my captain. Do you know him?"

"O my God! yes."

"Who is he?"

"He is my foster-son."

"You have reared him from infancy?"

"Yes."

"Who were his parents?"

Marguerite clasped her hands over her eyes, and sobbed like a woman in agony.

"Speak woman! Who were his parents?"

"A traitor, sire, and—"

The monk whispered something into her ear, and she paused. He bade her not fear for her boy; and he tried to make her understand that a prompt answer would please the king.

"O, sire, pardon me!" she cried, sinking upon her knees, and with her head sent four for her mercy. I saved the infant child of Marcellian, and the child was the son of the count. He was born the infant's way; and the poor mother died in the cave, I think, and I reared her boy."

"And that child," said the king, "where is it now?"

"Marguerite struggled as though she were seeking utterance, but she could not speak.

"Answer," he whispered into her ear. "Excite not the royal wrath."

"Woman," cried Theobald, sternly, "listen to me, and speak not a falsehood, or the curse of God shall befall you. I will pardon you for the part you have played in the plot against the king, but upon the youth whom you have reared to manhood. Is he the child of the traitor Count Conrad you saved?"

"Yes!" burst hysterically from Marguerite's lips; and ere the second of her tones had died away, she found herself in the strong arms of her foster-son, and was borne from the chamber.

The king started to his feet, and turned his gaze upon Conrad de Nord.

"Young man," he said, "I am almost sorry that I ever saw you; but I am still more sorry that such your parents were ever permitted to be blessed with a bastard as true and brave as you have proved yourself. You have saved my life; for I did sincerely believe that you were the child of the traitor. I thought so, and still there was a scarcity which I could not fathom. But I will not speak of that now. And that I could pardon it after a time. You saved my life, and I give to you the forfeiture of the hands of my ancestors. To-morrow that a shadow of suspicion shall rest upon your soul."

Conrad shuddered, but made no reply.

"There was no such shadow upon my soul," he said, "when you bestowed on me the title. I was to true. I refused your request because I have made it a vow of my life not to blindly promise anything. When I hesitated to speak, the pledge you exacted, I fully believed that it would be my daughter's husband. I never dreamed of this burden being which has come to me."

"I believe you, my lord," said the youth; "and I have no wish to blame you. I have almost cursed the fate which led me into the dark pit; but even that event I wish not to repeat. The die is cast, and all is over!"

"Nay, my son," said Conrad. "I can place you where I found you. Of course I cannot, give you a small fish for some other boy."

"Hold, my lord! There is no need that you should speak these words. I am not a blind dolt. The name of the noble must not be rendered common. The name of Conrad de Nord not be linked with the fate of the proscribed child or condemned and executed traitor! O, my lord!"

"Conrad," cried the duke, drawing the youth's head upon his shoulder, "I beg you give not up to such gloomy fancies. In the years to come you may forget this blow—you may live to outgrow it. You do not feel the blood of the traitor moving in your veins; and under the judgment of God there is no crime upon your hands. In some faraff land, with Rosaline and Marguerite still to bear you company, you may even soon step forth here bold life, and be free and happy."

"Yes," added the youth, moving back a pace, "I am not a prisoner! condemned it!"

"You seem to act you so," said the king, the assertion of my power I have gained the keys of the dungeon; and I can lead you forth, and set you free. I can send a guard with you as far as Northumberland or Anjou, and when you are within the dominions of the Duke John, you will be safe. Come—there is no time to be lost. Of course you will receive the last arrest of my friendship; for I do assure you that I risk much in this."

"Ah," responded our hero, grasping the duke's hand, "I shall accept it. I am not afraid of death in a good cause; but I cannot die thus. I will live for Rosaline!"

"Then follow me at once. You have one other friend in the palace, I think. Is he also very dear for us?"

"Another one must have been devoted to it."

"Yes,—and more than that," added Calmir; "he is the Lord de Sevrace, and I know that he should come to you. I know that she was no traitor. She—she—tell you at some future time her. Step carefully. There are dolorous stairs here. Now, lead by the chimes of the upper world."

The king picked up his lantern, and led Conrad from the cell; and after stalling through many dark passages, they arrived at a landing where stood a guard. The guardsman, when he saw the king, presented arms, but cast speaking.

"Don't help us," whispered the youth.

"Hush!" returned Calmir. "Speak not the name of your father. Sir Philip de Sevrace is a good man and true."

Up to the door—forever—passages were then these below—and into a jewel room, and then into the chamber of Sir Philip. Here was a group of soldiers, who were waiting, and the captain, who was sitting at a table, was busily engaged in writing, and a gentle breeze, coming through the open window, was playing with his long, and bore to his senses something which he had written.

"It is now past midnight—an hour past," said the king, as he looked upon the clock before entering. Here is Nicolas, with six good men. Take your company, and run you and upon them. I think you have nothing further to say, my lord duke?"

"Enough!" cried the youth, putting out his hand. "Sire, you did not put him to pain. Farewell!"

Conrad grasped his hand, but a moment in both his own; and then, with a whisper of thanks, he turned and hurried away.

Conrad was growing faint and dizzy again, when Count Nicolas called him to his senses, and, with a stately effort, he stirred up and followed the soldiers that was crushing down the door.

"Come, my brother," said the captain, laying his hand kindly upon the youth's arm, "we have found our fellow, and we have not lost an expedition. Here is your sword. The duke left it for you."

Conrad first grasped the hand of his friend; and then he grasped the faithful sword with when the honest blade once more hung upon his side, he felt himself safe.

"Lead on, good Nicolas. I am ready to follow."

Down by the sea-shore, where the salt sand was wet, and the heavy fall of the tide had not found the horses; and ere long they were speeding on their way. One half hour after the Duke de Nord turned upon the turrets and spires of the city, and he could see the lights kindled in the gloomy distance; and then, with a shudder, he turned his face away. Early afternoon forenoon, he put upon his head a helmet which he had taken from the head of a soldier.

The king was weak and hungry.

Soon after supper when the parties had been seated in the dining-room, the duke had no time to eat it alone. He had given a private order to the servants that no one should be admitted to the presence except of the son of Marcom and Marcellian of which he was left alone with the king.

"Count, what is the matter?"

Theobald looked upon a single long hurried in the direction of his hands. All of the duke's table. Sire, I have no master's step, and scratched at the door. Then it was opened, and Conrad came in, and

"Great, now, and yearly becoming greater in the sense of increased wealth and power. It is so easy to make a fortune here, with ordinary enterprise and energy, that I often find myself wondering why others should so say poor."

"I doubt if there are any," his friend said, laughing. "And there cannot be much distribution of classes. Ah! yes. You have advanced a great way since I left home, for, I do not remember that I ever saw draymen sporting diamonds before I went away."

"Eh! I don't understand——" said the merchant, turning a puzzled glance at the face of his friend.

"Do you see the flash as that great fellow yonder moves his hand in the sunlight? I was mistaken not, only a diamond could glow like that."

"I see. And, strange as it is, I believe you are right. Harry! Harry! why have you become so?"

Harry came up, a little stung—for, if it was not often he came in actual contact with his employer. A "free born American," a bit of a politician, and given to holding forth in primary meetings and the like, saving considerable influence among the operatives, he usually felt himself as good as anybody, if not a little better than most people. But there is something in birth and breeding, in quiet self-possession without arrogance, and the polish that most "take no airs," that will have its effect on the most ignorant and uncultured. So Harry, almost for the first time in his life, was humbled, and though he did not, like an English workman, lift his hat, he pushed it back on his head, and ran the fingers of his left hand through the close-luring brown locks that clustered beneath it.

After a few remarks and questions relative to business matters, his employer, who had been observing the ring, made some lingering allusion to it.

"My diamond, eh? oh! you mean this shiny stone. Why I guess 'twint worth much, or I had it this year or two. I just put it on my finger to play, and I couldn't get it off."

"I should think it would be in your way—that you would break it in labor."

"Oh, no! I don't mind it. It'll have to be died off when it comes, and I calculate to wait till I find a real nice girl, and then have the darned thing cut off and fixed up all bright and shiny to give to her."

The merchant laughed heartily at this quaint statement of intentions, and did not see the change which had come over the face of his friend. At the first mention of the ring, when Harry held it out for the inspection of his employer, he had started and changed color, and, after a palpable pause, then to a glowing red. He pressed forward now, and with a word of apology looked carefully at the ring, then sighed deeply, and turned away without remark. The merchant noted the action, and would have commented upon it had not something in the gravity and sadness of his manner warned him to desist. Harry went back to his work, and the two gentlemen resumed the conning room, where they conversed awhile upon a variety of subjects—the voyage of the one—the business of the other—the plans of both for the future. It was not until the former rose to depart that he said, as if casually—

"That drayman of yours, he of the diamond, is a fine strong fellow. Is he honest and trustworthy?"

The reply, uttered with some surprise, was an earnest testimony to Harry's character received during several years that he had been in the merchant's employ. And then the friends parted without any further remark. The merchant returned to his counting-room, and amidst his business cares forgot the matter entirely. But his visitor murmured more than once or twice on his way, "Strange! strange! I cannot be the only one. I must find out. I must know it. I cannot, I cannot be deceived!"

Something sad saddened him. His heart—for nothing had not been what he expected—was His heart, that had so long been yearning for his home and its friends of the past, and received a great shock. One whom he loved beyond measure, in whom he forgave the many faults and treasure of his life's happiness and bound bound up, had, he believed, proved false to him. And Clarence Glenn was a sickened, saddened man.

Something about that ring caught and riveted him. It was so like, that it seemed the very same that once he had placed upon the left finger of Isabella Seymour, the token of their betrothal, and afterwards, when they parted, sadly enough hopeful of a speedy reunion by which he should be assured on his return that Isabella was still true to her plighted faith. He had not her but once since his return, and then no ring adorned that slender finger, and her manner was cold, and constrained, and painfully timid. She was surrounded by many admirers, so there was no opportunity for explanation. Clarence Glenn believed that he was forgotten. A rumor had even reached him that Isabella was about to become the wife of another, and he was constrained to accept the destruction of his hopes.

But that ring—could it be possible that Isabella had parted with it? Could she have given it to the shadow of his gift? Could she have lost it?

If so how could it have become the possession of this workman? If she had lost it surely the explanation should have come long ere this. It would be easy for her to volunteer it, almost impossible for him to ask it.

Thus resumed Clarence Glenn, as he mused upon the case—he one who has always prided himself upon the acuteness of his judgment, and the motives by which she is usually governed. Could he—ask how grievous it would be that it might be for Isabella to approach the subject. Four years of separation, during which time had not dimmed one ray of her fidence, even, might have changed him. Surely she might well believe that while she saw him so distant and constrained in her presence, so like the stranger, and never she had known.

All night Clarence Glenn's thoughts were upon the ring. In the morning he resolved to be determined to search out the mystery, and assure himself in a matter or not it was the one he had bestowed upon Isabella Seymour.

He found Harry busy at the door when he made his appearance there. This time he was accompanied by an officer of the police, and Harry was subjected to a pretty rigid examination. His manner was evidently one he was completely taken by surprise, and until then had never dreamed of the real value of the ring. He told the story of its coming into his possession frankly and straightforwardly. He could add much more accustomed to dealing with rogues than honest men, to this conclusion. He asserted Harry on the spot, took him first to a dealer in gems, who pronounced the diamond real, and of considerable value, and when by Mr. Glenn it was found and secured to him from Harry's finger his initials and those of Isabella appeared upon the inner surface, thus proving that he had not been mistaken in his identity. Harry was locked up that day for examination on the following morning. Glenn, who truly believed this story, would have preferred this brief to be possible, but the ever-cautious officer was not disposed to yield, and poor Harry was compelled to pass the night in the station house. Mr. Glenn returned home and despatched the following note to Isabella:

"Thursday Evening.

Miss Seymour:—I have to-day discovered the diamond ring which was my gift to you, now nearly five years since, upon the hand of a drayman employed at the store of Messrs. ——— and ———. Have you any explanation to be offered me in the manner in which it passed from your possession? If not may I count upon receiving a reply to this note?

With great respect,

CLARENCE GLENN."

In an hour his messenger returned with the following billet.

Mr. Glenn:—The ring disappeared more than three years ago, or since I saw you when you were in Europe. I have not seen it since, and have no other explanation, but do not even suspect by whom.

Neither of these very chilling and formal notes had been anything trimmed with the mystery, further than to assure Mr. Glenn that Isabella had not voluntarily parted with the ring. No doubt he would have been better satisfied had she expressed some sorrow for the loss, and that there was some little bitterness or repellant in the tone of Mr. Glenn's note, that she could not bring herself to the expression of the deep regret she felt. Perhaps she believed that by the expression of any feeling, she should betray the cruel disappointment which his stiffed avoidance and cold manner had caused her since his return. So a paper wall thin but strong, was built up between two hearts that pained and throbbed and trust each other.

Harry came up before the Justice and told his story. The ring was in the hands of the officer who stated the circumstances under which it was found, and Clarence identified it, and produced Miss Seymour's letter as to the manner in which it was lost.

"Three years, eh?" said the Justice, musingly. "How say you, Harry, how did you come by the ring?"

"In California." Ah that is bad. And where is the gift for whom he forgot all else?

"She's married, sir, and gone West. I don't know where, but I think it's Kansas or St. Louis."

"Ah, bad again. Well where did this Jim Ryan buy the ring?"

"I don't know. Jim told me how he bought it of old Stokes, who used to keep a stand for trinkets corner of Nassau and Fulton, but I guess he got it there."

"Ah! I know this Mr. Stokes deals largely in valuable diamonds! Officer, send for Stokes."

And Stokes was sent for, but he and his table had long disappeared. Some years since he knew him had well nigh forgotten him. His wares were nothing, and he had been very careful to remind any of him was a neglected one in a fashionable quarter.

So the ring could not be traced beyond Harry, for those possession it was found; and the circumstances, which, all the while, were against him in a very sad and morose fashion, suddenly assumed a guilty look, while a decision to send him to be committed for trial, for the larceny of the ring. Poor Harry! He was not in the least conscious, had not contemplated any such result of his innocent action, and was overwhelmed with dismay.

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THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 13.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

CARACALLA, GETA, MACRINUS AND ELEGABALUS.

The Emperor Severus died in the city of York, in Britain, at the age of sixty-six, after a reign of eighteen years. He was a bad man and he left two sons, Caracalla and Geta, both worse than himself. The last years of Severus were embittered by the bickerings of these vicious boys. They had accompanied him, with their mother, to Britain. The hoary-headed tyrant bequeathed to these two boys, between whom he divided the empire, the infamous maxim ever adopted by tyrants, "Enrich your soldiers at any price, and regard all the rest of your subjects as mere cyphers."

Caracalla, the eldest, was ferocious, venemous, brutal. Geta was effeminate, voluptuous and deceitful. From childhood they had been implacable foes, and had divided the court into two antagonistic factions. Caracalla had made several attempts to poison his father. At one time he excited a mutiny among the troops, from which his father with difficulty extricated himself. Severus, on his dying bed, with something of the prophetic vision of the patriarch Jacob, foretold that Caracalla the stronger would crush Geta the weaker, and that then the murderous Cain would fall a victim to his own vices. The emperor was often almost resolved to send this wretch to the scaffold before his own death; but the tenderness of an aged father palsied his will.

These were the two boys who were now recognized, by the senate and the army, as equal monarchs of the world. As we have mentioned, at the time of their father's death they were with him in Britain, and immediately they commenced a rapid journey to Rome, through Gaul and Italy. Each had his retinue and guard, and though they travelled the same road, and at the same time, each was vigilant to guard against the treachery of the other. They never interchanged fraternal greetings, or slept in the same house, or ate at the same table. Thus the odious spectacle of their mutual malignity was displayed through the provinces. On their arrival at Rome they occupied different palaces, with guards stationed around the doors.—Every approach to their several apartments was guarded with the same strictness as in a besieged place. All the splendors of the court *and all the etiquette of regal ceremony could not disguise the rancor of their hearts. This constant discord led to the plan of a division of the Empire between them. A treaty was* drawn up, by which Caracalla was to be invested with the sceptre over Europe and Western Africa, and Geta was to have the sovereignty of Asia and Egypt. Geta was to establish himself at Alexandria or Antioch, cities which already rivalled Rome in splendor. The frontiers of the rival monarchies were to be guarded by immense armies on each side of the Thracian Bosphorus. The Roman people were indignant at the idea of this dismemberment of their majestic empire. It was certain that such separation could only result in civil war, and the breaking up of the whole empire into fragments. Julia, the accomplished, beautiful, highly talented but not virtuous mother of these boys was exceedingly chagrined by their bickerings, and by this plan for the division of the vast empire which they had received from their father.

Caracalla artfully listened to his mother's entreaties to meet his brother in the apartment, to attempt some terms of reconciliation. But with fiend-like treachery he was planning the murder of his brother. In the midst of the conversation in his mother's room, two assassins, whom Caracalla had employed, rushed in with drawn swords upon Geta. The frantic mother in vain strove to protect her boy. In the struggle she was severely wounded in the hand. Caracalla himself pressed to the aid of the assassins. Geta was cut down, in his mother's arms, drenching her garments with his blood. As soon as this deed was accomplished, Caracalla hastened to the Pretorian camp, which consisted of 16-000 men just outside the walls of Rome.

The only trait of humanity to be discerned in Caracalla is to be found in the fact that the horrid scene in which he had taken a part, filled him with undying remorse. He could never after banish from his mind the shrieks of his mother, the frantic struggles of his brother, and the spectacle of the blood spirting from his wounds, as he sank down dying, drenched in gore. He implored the protection of the soldiers, assuring them that he had killed Geta to save his own life. By lavishing upon these soldiers all the treasure which his father had accumulated he easily purchased their favor. Our sympathy with Geta is somewhat abated by the consideration that he wanted the power rather than the inclination to serve his brother as his brother had served him. The spirit of the fiend was alike developed in the bosoms of them both.

But even in this world, where we see but the beginnings of the divine government, crime does not often go unpunished. In the reveries of the day and the visions of the night Caracalla, the fratricide, saw continually the mutilated and bleeding form of his brother, the frantic grief of his mother, while his father seemed to rise from the grave and cast upon him reproachful looks. This remorse, however, tended only to madden him. He threatened his mother with instant execution if she did not cease lamenting the death of her son. He put to death all who were suspected of being the friends of Geta, lest they might ferment an insurrection against him. It was computed that twenty thousand persons, of both sexes, thus suffered death. The friends of these victims were compelled to hide their tears and to veil their grief in smiles lest they should incur the fatal displeasure of the despot.

About a year after the murder of Geta, Caracalla left Rome to visit the distant provinces. He never returned to the imperial city again. Every province he visited became in turn the scene of his extortion and sensual crime. The courtiers, who were forced to attend him, were compelled to humor his capricious tastes in daily entertainments at extravagant cost. No rich man was safe. The imperial robber easily found excuses to seize upon their wealth. At Alexandria, for some fancied offence, he ordered the indiscriminate massacre of the inhabitants of the city. From the turret of a temple he amused himself in witnessing the slaughter in the streets, until several thousand citizens and strangers had perished. The soldiers, enormously enriched, were indulged in indolence and luxury. Though in intercourse with his subjects generally the emperor was haughty and overbearing to the highest degree, he was exceedingly complaisant and sycophantic to the troops.

Caracalla was a very religious man in accordance with Pagan worship. Very devoutly he engaged in the services of the idol temples. One of the emperor's leading officers by accident ascertained that Caracalla was about to strike him dead. There was no escape for him but to anticipate the blow by striking the emperor. There was but little difficulty in those days in engaging the services of an assassin. Caracalla was one day journeying to the celebrated temple of the Moon, at Carrhae, for some religious ceremony, accompanied by a body of cavalry. He alighted for a moment from his horse on the way, when the assassin approached him, under the pretence of duty, and stabbed him to the heart. A Scythian archer instantly buried an arrow to the feather in the bosom of the murderer, and he also fell dead. The soldiers, who had been loaded with largesses by their emperor, caring nothing for his vices, and remembering only the prodigality of his benefactions, compelled the Senate to give the wretch a place among the Gods. His reign had lasted for six years.

For three days Rome was without a master. The Pretorian Guard could not agree among themselves upon whom they would confer the imperial purple. But Macrinus, who had employed the assassin to rid the world of Caracalla, succeeded, with offers of large rewards, in securing their suffrages. The senate, overawed by the gleaming swords of the soldiery, were compelled to ratify their choice. The senate, however, felt exceedingly humiliated and annoyed by the compulsion thus put upon them. It had been considered one of the fundamental maxims of the constitution that the choice of the emperor rested with the senate. Though the senators did not venture to resist the arrogant demands of the army, they did not hesitate to utter loud and indignant murmurs.

Macrinus was not a senator, he was not a man of illustrious birth, he had obtained no renown for heroic deeds. He had been simply a courtier. And now he was suddenly elevated to supreme power, under circumstances of the utmost difficulty; for the infamous reign of Caracalla had only bequeathed a train of calamities and distress to his successor. Soon the Syrian army raised the banner of revolt, led by one Bassianus, a Syrian, who boasted that he was the son of Caracalla, not born in wedlock. There was a fierce, brutal, bloody strife, which, however, was short-lasting only twenty days. Macrinus and all his partizans were slain, and the soldiers who had espoused his cause, as usual, passed over to the victor. Thus for the first time an emperor of Asiatic extraction ascended the throne.

Bassianus was a Syrian in character as well as by birth, indulging in boundless voluptuousness. The decisive battle which placed him on the throne was fought beneath the walls of Antioch. In slow and luxurious march he commenced his progress from Syria to Italy. The months of the first short winter he passed in revelry at Nicomedia, that he might reach the banks of the Tiber and enter Rome in the bloom of summer. Assuming the name of *Elegabalus, which may perhaps be defined as Worshipper of the Sun, this dissolute pagan sent his portrait to the senate, to be suspended, in the senate chamber, over the altar of victory.* He was represented in loosely flowing robes of satin, embroidered with gold. His head was crowned with a gorgeous diadem. Necklaces and bracelets of most precious gems embellished his person. His eyebrows were stained a glossy black, and his cheeks painted with artificial red and white. Such was the effeminate luxury of the Oriental monarch who now assumed the sovereignty of the Roman world.

A BANKING INSTITUTION FOR MECHANICS.

Bank "accommodations" are readily obtained by speculators, but not by mechanics, however much they may need a little credit and however clearly they may be able to show that it might be safely given. Men of the Hammer, the Saw and the Trowel are not known in Wall street. Your bank directors would not touch their paper with a pair of tongs.

It seems to us that this great city, with an immense artizan population as enterprising, shrewd and intelligent as can be found on the face of the earth, ought to have at least *one* bank as exclusively devoted to Mechanic Interests as the existing financial institutions are devoted to the interests of merchants and speculators. It is too bad that sagacious planners and workers who only need a little financial *backing* to enable them to acquire a competence or perhaps a fortune, should be left to the mercy of usurious money-lenders and note-shavers, while stock-gamblers and gold-jobbers can readily command from the banks all the "facilities" they need to carry on their cut-throat business. A bank restricted to certain moderate limits in its loans and discounts, and designed especially to accommodate the mechanic trades, might do a vast amount of good with perfect safety and at the same time realize handsome dividends for its stockholders.

The Paper Combination.—The New York *Times* appears this morning printed on paper imported by the proprietors from Belgium. It is white, and of texture sufficiently good for newspaper use. It was bought in Belgium for seven and a-half cents per pound, at the very time when the Paper Makers' Association or combination here had, by simultaneous action, forced printing paper up to twenty-two and twenty-four cents the pound. The proprietors of the *Times* deserve credit for the enterprise they have shown by importing from abroad, and thus not only saving money, but resisting the efforts made by a few manufacturers, who have unfortunately nearly a monopoly of an important business, to impose unwarrantably high prices upon their wares, and thus virtually rob their customers and the public.—*Evening Post, May 7.*

We wonder what our old friend Norman White, and the other leading men of the Paper Makers' Association who combined to increase the price of paper, will say to this? We would advise them to call another meeting, and see if they cannot raise money enough to send another delegation to Washington to get the duty increased to its old figure, when Congress meets. The proprietors of the *Times* have paid to the government $4,500 for duties on the paper they have already imported; and they are entitled to the thanks of the press of the whole country for establishing the fact that paper can be imported, notwithstanding the heavy duty of twenty per cent. at a much lower price than the combinationists have exacted for it during the past six months.

ODD NAMES.

The Puritans brought [illegible] with them from England some very queer Scripture names, and long after the reinstatement [illegible] Stuarts had in their turn given place to the [illegible] dynasty, the Bible continued to furnish a large portion of the given names of the descendants of the Pilgrims. These remarkable cognomens have nearly died out in this country, but we find that others quite as curious, though for the most part of a widely different style and character, exist at the present day in England. A friend sent us, a short time ago, an abstract of the report of the British Registrar General, in which the marriages, deaths and births in the United Kingdom during a period of twelve years are enumerated. The index to this document is the most interesting portion of it, as will be seen by a few *items* which we propose to give. In the first place it appears that Smith is not, as we have hitherto supposed, the most common of all Anglo-Saxon patronymics. At the date of the Report there resided in the British Isles 13,429 Joneses, 12,637 Smiths—majority in favor of the Joneses 792. The Williamses stand next on the muster roll. They foot up 8,74[illegible]. The Browns and the Whites also figure prominently in the directory, though far behind the three illustrious families first mentioned. From the enormous aggregate of names, amounting to several millions, the compiler of the abstract referred to has picked out some choice gems, a few of which we select for the amusement of our readers:

"Jane Stickslorum, wife of [illegible] weaver; Pay Day, engineer; Turnerica Henrie[illegible]ica de Gloria de Lavinia Rebecca Turner, wife of [illegible] book-keeper; Matilda French Onion; Sansparell Sea[illegible] tinker, (in plain English, Unequalled Rascal;) H[illegible]lina Iphegenia Maria Hypsebile Wadge, daughter of [illegible] carpenter; Zaphnath-paaneah Drayton, cooper; Acts [illegible]postles Tong; Betsy Toast Divine; Samson Catch[illegible]e Kitchen; First-son Jones; Prince Albert Gammon and Albertina Regina Victoria Gotha Bolt."

There are hundreds of other names in the catalogue, equally absurd, but the above will suffice as samples. The funny appellations are probably of parish origin—the results of the humor of town beadles and overseers of the poor.

ROYAL DOMAINS IN WASHINGTON—A SINGULAR GIFT.

If the readers of the Ledger should be told that some of the finest locations in the city of Washington were once owned by the Crowned Heads of Europe, many of them would be disposed to consider the statement a "fish story." And yet it would be perfectly true. It is a matter of record that when the city was laid out, lots were assigned to the sovereigns of foreign nations, as sites for the residences of their embassadors. A document still exists, or at least did exist ten or twelve years ago, in the archives of the State Department, making over to "the Queen of Portugal, her heirs and successors forever," a "corner of land" [illegible]9 by 291 feet, a little to the south of the spot where the Executive Mansion now stands. This area now forms a portion of the President's Square. The deed of gift bears the signatures of John Adams, President, and T. Pickering, Secretary of State, and is dated May 25, 1798. A similar present was made to the King of Spain, and it is said that the Spanish Embassador received a handsome sum from our government to enable him to build a mansion and commence housekeeping. How the lands thus set apart for foreign use came to be alienated, it is impossible to say, but we believe they have all long since passed out of the hands of the "sacred," "faithful" and "most Christian" majesties of the realms to which they once appertained. We apprehend that the King of Portugal, whose royal pockets *are not so well lined as they might be, would rather like to own the "89,0[illegible]5 feet of ground" of which his predecessor stood "seized and possessed"* sixty-five years ago. Cut up into lots of 24 feet by 100, it would nett an amount in "greenbacks" which even at the present rates of foreign exchange would be a very pretty addition to the Portuguese privy purse.

LUNGS VERSUS BRAINS—AN ANECDOTE.

In these days success in public life depends in many cases more upon strength of lungs than acuteness of brain. However it may have been in Shakespeare's day, it is quite certain that "sound and fury" are wondrously potent in the present age. A politician with a piping voice, though he should be wise as Solon, would stand no chance "before the people" with a thick-witted Stentor. An anecdote occurs to us in this connexion, illustrative of the value of a vigorous pair of lungs and a sonorous windpipe, as a means of advancement in life. Some forty years ago, one Richardson, the manager of an itinerant theatre in England, had an employee named Cartlidge, whose voice was so tremendous that it could be distinctly heard above all the uproar of the country fairs. The fellow was a fool, yet his ear-splitting shouts attracted crowds to the show, and his employer found it to his interest to pay him a large salary. In fact, he helped materially by his vociferation to make the fortune of the manager, and when the latter died he left the Boanerges a large sum of money. We could name many a political "Son of Thunder" who has been equally successful in turning his pulmonary machinery to good account. When the Halls of Legislation are as noisy as tavern bars, and measures are carried or defeated by "talking against time," lung-power is worth more than logic, and to roar is more important than to reason. The great art of modern oratory is to overcrow the pleading of right and justice with deafening clamor, as the Hindoos drown the shrieks of the burning widows at their suttees, with triumphant yells.

MIND YOUR FRENCH!

In Mr. W. H. Russell's "Diary, North and South," the following paragraph occurs. He is speaking of a visit made by him to a plantation on the Mississippi:

"In this drain one of my companions saw a prodigious frog, about the size of a tortoise, on which he pounced with alacrity; and on carrying his prize to land he was much congratulated by his friend. 'What on earth will you do with the horrid reptile?' 'Do with it! why, eat it to be sure.' And it is actually true that, on our return, the monster 'crapaud' was handed over to the old cook, and presently appeared on the breakfast-table, looking like an uncommonly fine spatch-cock, and was partaken of with enthusiasm by all the company."

It is surprising that the author of the "Diary," who is notoriously fond of parading his smattering of languages, living and dead, should thus expose his ignorance of the French for frog. His Louisiana entertainers will hardly be obliged to him for informing the world that they pounce eagerly upon any stray *crapaud*, or *toad*, that comes in their way, and convert it incontinently into mock-chicken. It is a statement calculated to convey an unfavorable impression of the chivalrous Louisiana gentleman. Frog is a capital dish in its way, and the French for it is *grenouille*; but there is something very revolting in the idea of serving up at a human banquet anything so abnormal as a *crapaud* "about the size of a tortoise"—in which latter specification, by the way, there seems to be something defective, tortoises being somewhat assorted in size, if there is any credit due to the labors of Professor Agassiz.

NEWPORT—A CONTRAST.

The hotel-keepers at the bathing-places are brushing up and setting their houses in order for the coming season. "Improvements" and "enlargements" are announced at Newport, Cape May, and as they say in Nantucket, "all along shore." Newport, by the by, is reported to be under the visitation of an unpleasant epidemic, but we presume it is only a passing shadow that will vanish with the June sunshine and the Summer tides. There would be grief too deep for words in many a fashionable bosom should the Gay World of New York be deprived of its accustomed flounderings in the Surf, at that celebrated pickling place of the aristocracy. And this reminds us that the relative conditions of New York and Newport have changed, *somewhat*, in the course of a century or so. Men are now living who can remember having heard their grandfathers say that New York would probably one day rival the Rhode Island seaport in the extent of its foreign commerce! There was a time when the latter was the great *entrepôt* of New England. All the whaling ships hailed from Newport, and there was transacted all the oil business since transferred to New Bedford, Sag Harbor and Nantucket. Think of the present resort of the Beauty and Fashion of our country, having once been a fishy, blubbery place, redolent of the fumes of train oil and crude spermaceti! We will not dwell upon the contrast, for, as Mrs. Malaprop truly remarks, "comparisons are odorous." Newport was also the principal West Indian dépôt, and drove a thriving trade with Jamaica and Barbadoes. Now, we presume, it scarcely sees a vessel from the tropics once in three months. There was one staple in which it dealt largely and profitably, the very mention of which is enough to make modern New England shudder with horror. We refer to Guinea negroes. Newport skippers traded regularly with the slave coast, taking in cargoes of Africans there, which they afterwards "dickered off" for sugars in Cuba. Immense fortunes were made in this way by merchants whose family names are still to be found in the New England directories, though the family views touching the morality of the traffic have, we are happy to say, "experienced a change." The commerce in slaves was carried on without any attempt at concealment, and seems to have been popular, for we read that a Newport juryman who was in favor of convicting a slave dealer charged with some illegal act, in the prosecution of the business, had his ear slyly cut off in church, as a punishment for his temerity!

The port once held up as an example for New York, has now no foreign trade worth naming, although its harbor is one of the finest in the world. Newport skippers no longer chase whales, or exchange Yankee notions for Africans, or Africans for sugar. Instead of being the rival of New York, it is merely the Summer playground of the dashing sons and daughters of the Queen City of the western world and her sisters of the second class; and its people, instead of making fortunes out of the leviathans of the deep, are enriched by the *whaling* profits they get out of the fashionable Tritons and Nereids who annually resort to their surf-beaten shore.

STREET TRADE.

The world owes every honest man a living, and will pay it too—in this country, at least—if industry and perseverance are the means employed to obtain it. No reputable occupation, however humble, should be viewed with contempt, if it serves to keep those who follow it above want and the temptations to vice which *beset idleness and destitution. In walking through the streets of our great cities one is struck with the simplicity—some may say the meanness—*of the avocations which supply hundreds of families with the necessaries and even the comforts of life. Bone toothpicks furnish the meat and pudding of scores of youthful itinerants. India rubber faces—pliable as those of hypocrites and humbugs—pocket combs, artificial spiders, nosegays, canton flannel rabbits, teetotums, clasp knives and purses, weighing machines, blowing machines, penny-a-peep telescopes, waffles, corn cures, tooth-ache drops, pins in rows, clothes-cleaning soaps, an immense variety of notions at "only four cents each," and, in fact, myriads of trifling articles so insignificant that we hardly notice them as we pass along, form the basis of a street traffic which supports thousands of individuals in a condition above dependence. The flourishing business which some of our peripatetic and stationary open-air dealers contrive to do on a very small capital, should teach the despairing that out of almost nothing industry coupled with constancy of purpose can pluck a comfortable livelihood.

SOMETHING ABOUT "SNOB."

The origin of the word "Snob" has generally been attributed to Thackaray, to whom, certainly, may be credited the fact of its having taken its place in the English language as a regular noun substantive, expressive of something that no other single word can adequately convey. "Snob" was in use, however, before Thackaray came into the field as a satirist. It was then a slang word much used among hunting men in England, to denote a sportsman of the Cockney school—a vulgar swell as distinguished from a quiet, well-appointed gentleman. Thackaray adopted the word, for want of a better, extended it so as to take in a great deal beyond mere dress and manners, and used it to such good purpose that it at once took hold of the popular mind and became classical.

—We are often written to by young ladies for information as to how they can help their brothers, lovers, and fathers, who are in the army battling, as one of them expresses it, "for the honor of the dear old flag, under whose starry folds Washington and Greene and Putnam and Perry fought, and beneath which Montgomery and Warren and Lawrence and Baker and Lyon fell." One of the best ways to help them, is to write them brave, loving, appreciative letters, full of admiration and all other things which make the heart of man glad to hear, when he is separated from those he loves and is conscious of doing his duty manfully. Nothing is sweeter or more strengthening to a brave man who is doing his duty in the camp and battle field, than words of love and appreciation from those who are dearest to him on earth.

—Man is naturally a fighting animal "from the cradle to the grave." And it takes a good deal of mismanagement to spoil him, and reduce him down to the poltroon level of turtle-dove-ism. Even when men have preached and argued against every kind and form of human strife during long years of peace, the first blast of the bugle or roll of the drum, and especially the first cry of wounded brethren borne to their ears upon the battle breeze, causes their enslaved nature to re-assert its manhood—to cast off its Delilah bonds, and compels them swiftly to the foremost front of war. And so it is that some of the best fighters in our army are men who for years had argued and written and lectured against war of any and every kind, and maintained that man's first, last and only duty was to peace.

THE GIFTS OF THE GODS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

The saying is wise, though it sounds like a jest,
  That "The gods don't allow us to be in their debt,"
For though we may think we are specially blest,
  We are certain to pay for the favors we get!

Are Riches the boon? Nay, be not elate;
  The final account isn't settled as yet;
Old Care has a mortgage on every estate,
  And that's what you pay for the wealth that you get

Is Honor the prize? It were easy to name
  What sorrows and perils her pathway beset;
Grim Hate and Detraction accompany Fame,
  And that's what you pay for the honor you get!

Is Learning a treasure? How charming the pair
  When Talent and Culture are lovingly met;
But Labor unceasing is grievous to bear,
  And that's what you pay for the learning you get!

Is Genius worth having? There isn't a doubt;
  And yet what a price on the blessing is set—
To suffer more with it than dunces without,
  For that's what you pay for the genius you get!

Is Beauty a blessing? To have it for nought
  The gods never grant to their veriest pet;
Pale Envy reminds you the jewel is bought,
  And that's what you pay for the beauty you get!

But Pleasure? Alas!—how prolific of pain!
  Gay Pleasure is followed by gloomy Regret;
And often Repentance is one of her train,
  And that's what you pay for the pleasure you get!

But surely in friendship we all may secure
  An excellent gift; never doubt it—and yet
With much to enjoy there is much to endure,
  And that's what we pay for the friendship we get!

But then there is Love?—Nay, speak not too soon;
  The fondest of hearts may have reason to fret;
For Fear and Bereavement attend on the boon,
  And that's what we pay for the love that we get!

And thus it appears—though it sounds like a jest—
  The gods don't allow us to be in their debt;
And though we may think we are specially blest,
  We are certain to pay for whatever we get!

A CHAPTER FOR MOTHERS.

We do not believe in delegating *absolutely* the care of young children to any person whatsoever. No parent, we think, who is not selfishly careless on this point, will be satisfied to do so. One has only to open one's eyes, in the different Parks in New York, where children and their nurses congregate, to be convinced of this fact. Not long since, I saw a bright little fellow of five years running before me on the gravel-walk, laughing and tossing his little arms above his head, as if he could not sufficiently express his glee at the fresh air and bright sunlight. Suddenly he spied a great treasure; viz.: a small, smooth, round, white stone, and, boy-fashion, picked it up for the pleasure of tossing it down again. Nurse, who was just behind, darted up to him and struck him violently three times on the top of his head, so as to crush his cap completely over his eyes. This done, she jerked him up and down by one arm, till the child's face was white with pain; and all for the simple and natural act of picking up a shiny pebble on the gravel-walk.

I will not say what punishment I would like to have inflicted on this termagant, who went off with her sobbing victim, rubbing his little nose the wrong way, and otherwise aggravating him to the verge of madness; but I will say, to mothers—who are not, of course, always able to go out themselves with their young children—never trust them out of your sight with persons not *proven* to be competent for their office. I am not unaware that there are even *parents* who are sometimes guilty of impatient and angry handling of their own children; and *because* even a parent's love is not always, under weariness of body, proof against these things, would I have those closely watched who have not this controlling motive for patience and justice toward the helpless.

Certainly, under no circumstances should a nurse be allowed to strike a child. Many a healthy child has been injured for life by an angry twitch or blow, and parents have mourned and wondered, and doctors have prescribed, while nurse has kept her own secret. I hope not to be misunderstood here. I know that there are faithful, conscientious persons in this capacity worthy of implicit trust and confidence; but I risk nothing in saying that they are too rare. I am not unaware that a nurse's position is at best a disagreeable and trying one; but this she knew when she accepted this mode of livelihood. I know that there are most foolish and unreasonable mothers; and I know that a child, subject to no government at home, is hard to manage away from home. Still, it remains that it is not to be felled with a blow on the head like an ox, or suspended by one limb in the air, or shook till it is white in the lips, or otherwise brutally treated, by those who have it in charge out of doors.

Were I mayor of New York I would do several things; but, first, I would appoint a special policeman in each Park to report to parents these cases; one of such advanced age and known imperturbability that his judgment would not be affected by the bright eyes and smart ribboned cap of the prettiest nurse-termagant among them.

FANNY FERN.

HOW THEY LOOK AT IT.

With what different feelings different persons will look upon the coming of this bright spring. To some it will speak only hope, and joy, and blessedness. To others the tender blade of grass, upon which the eye falls—the budding trees, the serene blue skies, the fragrant, many-hued flowers—will all be so many elements of pain and distress; for that soft breeze stirs the grass over a new-made grave, and all that brightness and beauty seems but a wretched mockery. "*Why! why! why!*" the impatient soul constantly reiterates, as it vainly seeks to reconcile itself to the change between the hope of the last spring-time and the sadness of this. There are moments when one is satisfied submissively to leave this question, unsolved; but nature, strong and self-asserting, soon moans again in her pain; and so all over the land are they who will turn away, sick at heart, from the brightness and beauty of this coming spring.

FANNY FERN.

—A man or a nation that gives away to gloom and despair, when failure overtakes any great and cherished plan, is doomed to occupy an inferior position among the people and the powers of this earth. "Never despair," "Try again," "Don't give up the ship!" these, and such as these, are the only mottoes worthy of a great man or a great country. One indomitable, valorous, never-say-die man, in a commanding position, is worth more to a nation in perilous times, than millions of long-faced croakers.

"A New Patent System of Instruction for the Pianoforte," is the name of a work recently published in this city. The book is stated to be compiled from the best works of the most eminent masters, containing instructions in all the rudiments of music, with copious exercises, to all which is added the new music note patented by Cornelius Mahony, who is favorably known as the "Blind Musician." We are not in the habit of noticing such publications in the Ledger; but as Mr. Mahony is a blind man, we give him the benefit of this paragraph.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

IN HEAVEN.

BY ALICE CARY.

The sweetest, sweetest, and most modest flower
That the earth sunshine ever loved to greet,
Was plucked away in its full-blooming hour,
To make the very air of heaven more sweet.

The wildest, fiercest, tenderest little bird
That always from the rough wind shrunk aside,
Shuns now where voices and where winds are still,
And the eternal lilts are beautified.

The sunniest type of sweetness
With the tenderest and best found her place;
I think the very angels must have loved
And wondered at the sweetness of her face.

And I believe that my own soul, set free,
Will find her waiting for it, and will go;
Believe I know she cannot seem to me
Lovelier and purer than she was below!

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "ONE SUMMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CLAUDIA TO THE RESCUE!

Let my old name unpronounced continue
By my good deeds no injustice—hold sinister
And under approval of respect's hollow eyes
I will be known as the self-made man.
His father and his ancestors thus stood right:
And if regard, for half a measure right
Be given to me, I will not shame
The blood of fourteen to add to, my blood.
Still, in its fervent love a warrior lives
Who, in the heat of battle, feels no fear at steel,
Knows it cannot, also remember that its edge
And on our consciences turn but I feel
Of honor, and of noble love, and of noble blood.
And I will not, of noble love falsify.

R. F. TENNER.

As Ishmael left the village by the eastern arm of the road, a gay sleighing party dashed into it from the western one. Horses prancing, bells ringing, vain flying and voices chattering they drew up before Hamlin's shop. The party consisted of Mr. Middleton, his wife, and his neice.

Mr. Middleton gave the reins to his wife, and got out and went into the shop to make a few purchases.

When his parcels had been made up and paid for, he seemed to have no chept; but then, as if suddenly recollecting something, he looked back and inquired:

"By the way, Hamlin, have those Historics come yet?"

"No, sir; but I shall write for them again by this evening's mail; I cannot think what has delayed them. However, sir, here is one copy that I can let you have, if that will be of any service."

"Certainly, certainly; it is better than nothing; let us look at it," said Mr. Middleton, coming back from the counter and taking the book from Hamlin's hands.

In turning over the leaves he came to the presentation page on which he recognized his own hand-writing in the lines—

"Presented to Grace Worth, as a reward of merit, by her friend James Middleton."

"Why, this is the very copy I gave to that poor little fellow on the hill, last August! How did you come by it again?" said Mr. Middleton, in astonishment.

"If he could in here to sell shoes an hour ago, sir, and as it was a perfectly fresh copy, and I knew you as a liberal gentleman, I thought I bought it of him," replied the dealer.

"But, supposing he had taken the book?"

"Well, sir, we cannot expect copys of this kind to be plenty in the country. We would be glad to take a copy—especially, we would such copys!" replied the dealer.

"Very well, very well; though I am sorry to think of that little fellow! I had hoped better things of him," muttered Mr. Middleton.

"Law, sir, boys will be boys."

"Certainly, sir, put the book in paper for me, and say what you are going to ask for it."

"Well, sir, it is as good as scrapped the copy is much called to just about now in this neighborhood. So, if you'll please, I have to ask you about three dollars."

"That is the first price! Did you give the boy that?" inquired the gentleman.

"Well, sir, no; but you know I must have my own little profit," replied the dealer, reddening.

"Certainly," assented Mr. Middleton, taking out his pocket-book, and counting down the article, that seemed to have been borrowed from his wife, upon Hamlin and Hamlin upon the book.

As he got into the sleigh and took the reins with one hand, hugging up his parcels and his purse himself with his breast and his chin, Mrs. Middleton said:

"Now, James, don't go and plant my purse on the road, as you did your pocket book this morning!"

"My dear, pray don't harp on that loss forever! It was not extraordinary—was only nine dollars in it."

"And if one had been nine hundred, it would have been the same thing!" said the lady, with dignity.

Her husband laughed, put away his purse, stowed away his parcels, and then, having both hands at liberty, took the reins and set off for home.

As he dashed along the street, a poster caught his attention. He drew up, and there on it was Mr. Middleton, jumped out, pulled down the poster, and returned to his seat in the sleigh.

Here we are, my dear, all right; the pocket-book is found," he smiled, as he spitz took possession of the reins.

"Found! in the street!"

"Yes, by that boy, Worth, you know, who behaved so well on that affair with Hamlin."

"Oh, yes! and he has found the pocket-book?"

"Yes, and advertised it in this way, poor little fellow!"

And Mr. Middleton drove slowly, while he read the notice to his wife.

"Well, we can call by the inn as we go home, and you can give the boy and girl a ride; will not forget to reward the poor boy for his honesty. He might have kept it, you know; for there was nothing in it that could be traced."

"Yes, and I will do as you recommend; but I have a quarrel with the young fellow, for all that," said Mr. Middleton.

"Upon what ground," inquired his wife.

"Why, upon the ground of his having sold the book I gave him last August as a reward of merit."

"What did he do that for?"

"To get money to buy toys and marbles."

"It is folly!" burst out Grace, speaking for the first time.

"Claudia! Claudia! How dare you charge your uncle with falsehood?" exclaimed Mrs. Middleton, horrified.

"I don't accuse him, aunt. He don't know anything about it! Somebody has told him falsehoods about poor Ishmael, and he believes it just as he did before," exclaimed the little lady, with flashing eyes.

"Well, then, what did he sell it for, Claudia?" inquired her uncle, smiling.

"I don't believe he sold it at all!" said Miss Claudia.

Her uncle quietly untied the packet, and placed the book before her, open at the fly-leaf, upon which the names of the donor and the receiver were written.

"Well, then, I believe he must have sold it to get something to eat," said Ishmael's obdurate little adversary, for I heard Mr. Hatherford say that there was a great deal of suffering among the frozen-out working classes, this winter.

"It may be as you say, my dear. I do not know."

"Well, uncle, you ought to know, then! It is the duty of the prosperous to find out the condition of the poor! When I come into my fortune—

ISHMAEL RESCUING THE EUROPE BOYS.

"When I" demanded Mr. Middleton, with a look of perplexity.

"When I, Jefferson, sir, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, that I read of in that beautiful history you gave me!"

"Oh if said Mr. Middleton, coming to press the money upon the boy, but getting it in his pocket-book, and retaining the pocket-book to his pocket. "Oh! and, by the way, I am told that you have sold that history to-day."

"Yes, sir; money is very scarce just now, on account of the hard times, and I never could part with my book!"

"Not even for money, sir, when I gave it to you, and told you that you might sell it if you wanted it?"

"Why, sir, I thought you meant that I might sell the book I gave him last August as a reward of merit."

"What did he do that for?"

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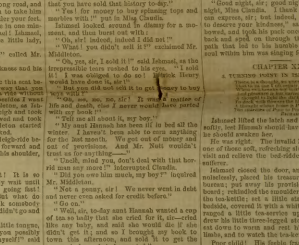
"Yes, I know; we have heard that before; the millionaire will be brought home, of course. But, if I am not mistaken, that is your little protégé on the road before us," said Mr. Middleton, checking his horse's pace so as to catch sight of Ishmael.

"Yes, it is he! And look, Alfred! does he look like a boy who is thinking of buying marbles and spinning tops?" inquired Miss Claudia.

Indeed, not" no one who saw in child could have connected childish sports with him. He was creeping wearily along, half out under the borders of the road to avoid the wind and snow, and looking, from behind more like a little old man than a boy.



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"Not even for money, sir, when I gave it to you, and told you that you might sell it if you wanted it?"

"Not even, indeed I did not!"

"What! you didn't sell it?" exclaimed Mr. Middleton.

"Oh, yes, sir, I sold it!" said Ishmael, as the tears rolled down his cheeks in spite of him. "I could not help it, sir, indeed I could not! Uncle Henry would have died, sir, if—"

"But you did not sell it to get money to buy toys and marbles?"

"Oh, no, no, sir! It was a matter of life and death, and I never could have parted with my book!"

"What, then, about it, my boy?"

"My aunt Hannah has been ill in bed all the time the snow has been, sir, so we were anything for the last month. We got out of money and food," inquired Claudia, breathing forward and laying her little gloved hand upon his shoulder, as he sat immediately before her.

"No, Miss."

"Oh, then, how you'll enjoy it! It is so grand! not corn, though. But only wait until you see the pictures! And we are going to do it! It is like flying! You'll see!—But what do you think, Ishmael? Do you know that Jefferson—I know it was that old Hamlin—didn't go and tell everybody about your book?"

"Claudia! Claudia! hold your little tongue, my dear, for just five minutes! I want to ask this boy, while I speak to this boy myself!" said Mr. Middleton.

"Ah, you see uncle don't want to hear of his mistakes! He is not used to them!"

"Will you hold your tongue just for three minutes, Claudia?"

"Yes, sir, to oblige you; but I know I shall get a sore throat by keeping my mouth shut so long."

And with that, I regret to say, Miss Merlin put out her little tongue, and literally "held" it between her thumb and finger as she drew it back in her seat.

"Ishmael," said Mr. Middleton, "I have seen your poster, about the pocket-book. It is mine; I dropped it this morning, when I took out my purse."

"Then you have got your money, sir? I am so glad! I was sorry, but boy-like, I had no time to prevent impostors. Are you sure, sir?"

"Yes, it is yours, my boy; my name is in it; it is yours money, and every sort of a thing. I do you more than I can express, but simply because I have no words which in power by a shrewd right. Keep it, and make its history rich in honor. Here is your pocket-book, with your address!" said Mr. Middleton, with emotion.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad! I am so glad!" He delight at recovering his lost treasure was even greater than his joy at first possessing it. He was grateful to thank the donor; but his gratitude was lost in the joy of the moment.

"There, there, I know it all as well as if you expressed it with the greatest eloquence of my boy," said Mr. Middleton.

"Can you see such a good old gander that I would beg and kiss you if I could do so without—without—" said Ishmael, laughing.

"Mr. Middleton, do let us get along a little faster! Your hands and mine are quite cold enough!" said the lady.

"Yes, my little, old wife, it will not be dark this night. The moon is rising, and between the moon above and the snow beneath, we shall have it as light as day all night. However, here, my boy!" And Mr. Middleton touched up his horses and they flew as before the wind.

It was a glorious ride through a glorious scene! The setting sun was kindling all the western sky into a dazzling effulgence and sending long golden lines of light through the interstices of the forest, on one hand; and the rising moon was flooding the eastern heavens with a silvery radiance on the other. The sleigh flew as if drawn by winged horses.

"Isn't it grand, Ishmael?" inquired Claudia.

"Oh, yes, Indeed, Miss!" responded the boy, with delight.

In twenty minutes they had reached the turning-road from which stood the little narrow foot-path leading through the forest to the inn.

"Well, my boy, here we are! Jump out! good night! I shall not lose sight of you!" said Mr. Middleton, as he drew up to let Ishmael alight.

"Good night, sir; good night, Madam; good night, Miss Claudia. I thank you more than I can express, sir; but indeed, indeed, I will try to deserve your kindness," said Ishmael, as he bowed, and took his pack once more upon his shoulders. Then he turned into the narrow foot-path that led to his humble home. His very soul within him was singing for joy.

CHAPTER XXV.

A TURNING POINT IN ISHMAEL'S LIFE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by
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Ishmael lifted the latch of the door, and, hastily, lest Hannah should have fallen asleep and be startled awake.

His was right. The invalid had dropped into a sound sleep. Her head rested upon her hand, her elbow upon the bed-ridden and exhausted mother.

Ishmael closed the door, and, moving about on tiptoe, placed his treasured book on the bureau; put away his provisions in the cupboard; unbuckled the surmounting drum; hung on the tea-kettle; set a little stand by Hannah's elbow, covered it with a white cloth; put out a cup and a little tea-service upon it; set them down to warm and rest his cold and tired hands upon; and then sat down to the tea-kettle hob.

Poor child! His feeble frame had been fearfully overtasked, and so the heat of the fire and the stillness of the room, both acting upon his exhausted nature, send him also to sleep, and he was soon unconscious.

He was aroused by the voice of Hannah, who had awakened refreshed.

"Is that you, Ishmael?" she said.

"Yes, aunt," he answered, starting up with a jerk and rubbing his eyes—"and I have got back safe and sound, and I'm so glad of it, but I thought I wouldn't set the tea to draw until you woke, for fear it should be flat."

"Come here, my child," said Hannah, in a tender voice, for you see she was very fond of the good sleep and had awakened much refreshed, with which to meet and consequently bother sorrow.

"Come to me, Ishmael," repeated Hannah; for the boy had delayed obeying long enough to set the tea to draw, and cut a slice of bread and set it down to toast.

But Ishmael went to her side and kneeled by, took his this face between her hands and kissed tenderly into it, saying:

"I was cross to you, my poor lad, this morning, but oh, Ishmael, I felt so much for your regret."

"I knew that, Aunt Hannah; because when you are well you are always good to me; but when you are sick and very poor you are cross sometimes! I will come back to you directly." And he kissed her little flow off to the stove, placed the bread and flew back to Hannah.

"Now, aunt, you get the tea, my child!" she inquired.

Ishmael told all about it in a few words.

And so you walked all the way back and, Raymond, tired and hungry as you were; and you had a very precious book, much as you loved it, all to get its for me! Oh, my boy, my boy, you have been born to you! But I am so glad Mr. Middleton bought it back and gave it to you again! And the pocket-book was left and you gave it to him and would not take any thing but for finding it. That was right, Ishmael, that was right! And it seems to me that every day and hour you have ever got in the world has come through your own right doing," was the comment of Hannah upon all this.

"Well, Aunt, now the tea is drawn and the toast is ready, let me fix it on the stand for you," said Ishmael, hurrying off to perform the duty.

That evening Hannah enjoyed her tea and day toast only as a woman long debarred from these feminine necessaries could enjoy them.

When Ishmael also had had his supper and had cleared away the tea service, he took down his book, lighted his little cut of candle, and as his aunt was in a benignant humor, he went to her for sympathy in his elation—saying:

"Now, Aunt, don't mope and plee any more! Mr. Middleton has given me back my book! George Washington didn't, even when he was at Valley Forge and the snow was so deep and the soldiers were bare-footed! Let us read you something out of my book to amuse you! Come, now, I'll read to you what General Marion did when—"

"No, don't, that's a good boy," exclaimed Hannah, interrupting him in alarm, for she had a perfect horror of books. "You know it would turn me to death, dear! But just look at that boy as he and tell me all about Mrs. Middleton and Miss Claudia, and how they received you. For you know, dear, as I haven't been able to go to church these months past, I don't exactly know what sort of bonnets ladies wear."

This requirement was for a moment a perfect "poser" to Ishmael. He wasn't interested in bonnets! But, however, as he had the faculty of seeing, understanding, and remembering everything that fell under his observation, in his own limited sphere, he blew out his candle, set down and complied with his aunt's request, answering and describing until she went to sleep. Then he relighted his little bit of candle and sat down with his book in comfort.

That night the wind shifted to the south and brought in a mild day and weather.

The next day the snow began to melt. In a week it was entirely gone, in a fortnight the ground had dried. All the roads became passable. With the improved weather Hannah grew better. She was able to leave her bed in the morning, and sit in her old arm chair by the chimney corner all day.

The professor came to look after his pupil.

Poor old odd-jobber! In his palmiest days he had never spent more than sufficient for the support of his large family; he had never been able to lay up any money; and so during this long and severe winter, when he was frozen out of work, he and his whole household suffered many privations; not so many as Hannah and Ishmael had; for you see there are degrees of poverty even among the very poor.

And the good professor knew this; and so on that fine March morning, when he made his appearance at the door, it was with a bag of flour on his back and a side of bacon in his hand.

After the customary manners of the neighborhood, he deposited with rapping, and just lifted the latch and walked in.

He found Hannah sitting propped up by her arm-chair in the chimney-corner engaged in knitting, and placidly enjoying the pleasant warmth of cloth in the inclination heat, at which she was not yet accustomed to work.

Ishmael was washing his own clothes in a little tub in the other corner.

"Morning, Miss Hannah! Morning young Ishmael! I'll bring a couple of sticks of wood, and bacon on the floor. "I thought I had better bring it in and see after my property. Work like born fresco up all winter, and now, by the time the spring is over, I'll be starved and coming with a rush! I'm nigh torn to pieces, Miss Hannah, as you may see! Jump over me; and I thought I would just take young Ishmael out to school for a bit, and also see how you'd been disabled along of the circumstances of the weather. Ishmael, how are you? So so weaving, and as I knowed young Ishmael would be out of money, I brought a bit of bacon over for free, Miss Hannah, as to bring you this leg of mutton, which I have got a present of, and you'll do me the honor of accepting from a well-wisher?"

"I thank you, Morris; I thank you, very much; but I am getting on very well, and really assistance from you. I know that owes you and Mrs. Morris more than I can ever repay, and—"

"Law, Miss Hannah! you're really deceived by the benevolent diplomacy of the good professor, and he's, in fact, a little bit touchy on the sensitive pride was hanked by the prospect hold of Hannah's countenance, and he hastily interposed—as she had not intended for three weeks and her very pride was in danger of failure," she explained—

"Very well Morris, if you will take the price out of Ishmael's wages, I will accept the kindness from you, for I know you are free and candid with so good a friend as yourself, I was about to say, but I will not."

"Law, Miss Hannah! It will be the greatest favor conferred upon me!" replied the unscrupulous professor.

"Then, Ishmael, you hear?"

"Indeed, professor," he said, "I think Jared Putnam would be very much obliged to you."

"Well, young Ishmael I don't know;—when I have got my own affairs right, and sometimes I don't even seem well! But it wasn't the bill of myself and Mr. Tyrrhus; and so another night I have to lead the exercise at the evening prayer meeting at Colonel Norris's. And as all that will be a very full house, I shall expect a pretty sort that in the morning; and of course I shall look to you, my boy, I shall expect you to be at my house as early as six o'clock in the morning, do you hear?"

"Yes, professor," answered Ishmael so promptly and cheerfully, that Morris told his wife that night that Ishmael was a treasure, as he said, addressing Hannah:

"Now, Miss Hannah, and this boy, Miss Hannah! I took upon this s'must as my own child, and so I shall continue to do—and I hope to prepare him to succeed me in my business—and so I shall do my best to that purpose. As Miss Hannah, I feel that I am not long for this world, and I hope I am; neither past my first youth; being about fifty-five, and I have been a hard-working man. I say, that, full when it may, my saddle will fall to this boy, and I hope he'll ride with emotion. And like all other great orators after the peroration, I shall sit down and take his bow and his exit.

The next morning according to promise, Ishmael rendered himself at the appointed hour at the professor's house, and they all met together upon their day's round of professional visits. The forenoon was spent at Hamlin's; in mending a pump, fitting up some rain pipes, and putting locks on some of the store doors. Then they got their dinners. The afternoon was spent at old Mr. Norris's, in altering the position of the lightning rod, laying a fourth and glazing some windows. And there they got their tea. The evening was spent in leading the exercises of the colored people's missionary meeting at Colonel Norris's. As the session

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was rather long it was ten o'clock before they left the wrecking house, on their return home. The night was pitch dark; the rain that had been threatening all day long, now fell in torrents.

They had a full four miles' walk before them; but the professor had an ample self-assurance that sheltered both himself and his party; so they trudged manfully onward cheering the way with lively talk instead of overwhelming it with complaints.

Black as pitch! not a star to be seen! but courage my boy! we shall surprise the fairies of the woods all the more when we get home," said the professor.

"Yes! there's not the professor just rising—taking every turn on the horizon beyond Beechwood Hall," said Ishmael.

So there is a star, or—something! it looks more like the moon rising—it is the moon," said Morris something the small dullard glare that hung upon the skirts of the horizon.

"It looks more like a bon-fire than either; just now," added the boy as the blood-red light suddenly burst into flame.

"It is! it is a large fire!" cried the professor, as the whole sky became suddenly illuminated with a red glare.

"It is HUNDREDS, HALF IN FLAMES!" exclaimed Ishmael Worth, in horror. "Let us hurry on and see if we can do any good."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FIRE AT BEECHWELL HALL.

Some sights are strange—a few are terrible—but the most awful sight of all is that of a house in flames. Such a sight burst upon the astonished gaze of Ishmael Worth and his party.

Wordsworth.

Through the three-fold darkness of night, clouds and rain, they hurried on towards that fearful beacon light, which glared on the edge of the horizon.

The rain, which continued to pour down in torrents, appeared to disappear without extinguishing the fire, but only blinded and smothered at intervals.

"Professor!" said the boy, as they toiled onward through the storm.

"Well, young Ishmael?"

"It seems to me the fire is inside the house."

"Why so, young Ishmael?"

"Because if it wasn't, this storm would put it out at once! Why, if it had been the roof that caught from a burning chimney this driving rain would have quenched it in no time."

"The roof couldn't catch, young Ishmael; it is all slate."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ishmael, as they hurried on their speed. They proceeded in silence for a few minutes, keeping their eyes fixed upon the burning building, when Ishmael suddenly exclaimed:

"The house is burning inside, Professor! You can see now by the light of the flames shaped out in fire against the blackness of the building!"

"Just so, young Ishmael!"

"Now, then, Professor, we must run on as fast as ever we can, if we expect to be of any use. George Washington was always prompt in times of danger. Remember how he crossed the Delaware. Come, Professor, let us run on now!"

"Oh yes, young Ishmael, it is all very well for you to say—run on! but how am I going to do it, with the rain and wind beating this old umbrella like mad and that boy, with, instead of being a protection to our persons, it is a hindrance to our progress?" said the professor, as he tried in vain to shelter himself and his companion from the fury of the floods of rain.

"I think you had better let it down, Professor," suggested the boy.

"If I did we should get wet to the skin, young Ishmael," objected Morris.

"All right, Professor! in order we get the better we shall be prepared to face the fire."

"That is true enough, young Ishmael," admitted Morris.

And sudden, if you let the umbrella down you can fan it and use it for a working stick, and instead of using a handkerchief it will be a help to you."

That is a good idea, young Ishmael. Upon my word, I think if you had been born in a higher sphere of society, young Ishmael, your talents would have caused you to be sent to the State's Legislature, I do think, you might even have come to be put on the Committee of Ways and Means."

"I hope that is not a Committee of Mean Ways, Professor!" said Ishmael.

"Ha, ha, ha! There you are again! I say it and I stand to it, if you had been born in a more elevated spere you would have ta' to be something!"

"Law, Professor!"

"Well, I do! and if it is pity you hadn't been! As it is, my poor boy, you will have to be contented to do your duty in that station in life the Lord has been pleased to call you," as the Scripture says."

"As the catechism says, Professor! The Scripture says nothing about stations. The Lord is no respecter of persons."

"Catechism, was it?" Well, it's all the same."

"Professor! look how the flames are pouring from that window! Run! run!" And with these words Ishmael took to his heels and ran as fast as darkness, rain and wind would permit him.

The professor took after him; but having shorter wind, though longer legs, than his young companion, he barely managed to keep up with him in the flying race.

When they arrived upon the premises a wild scene of confusion lighted up by a lurid glare of fire met their view. The right wing of the mansion was on fire; the flames were bursting from the front windows at that end. A crowd of frightened negroes were hurrying towards the building with water buckets; others were standing on ladders placed against the walls, and these again were clinging about the eaves, or standing on the roof; and all these were engaged in passing buckets from hand to hand, or hauling water on the burning timbers; all, poor ineffectual efforts to extinguish the fire, carried on amid shouts, cries and wailings that only added to the horrible confusion.

A little further onward, the women and children of the family, besides a crowd of poorer folk, were clinging about the lawn, under the old oak trees. The master of the house was not among them; and this fact alone appear to be any comforting bond to direct the confusion of the scene to any system in their work.

"Professor, they have got no hose! they are trying to put the fire out with buckets of water! that only keeps it under a little. It will not put it out. Let us run on to your house and get the hose you have windeys out of water hose, and, and we can play it on, through that window into the burning room!" said Ishmael, breathlessly and without waiting for permission, he hastened away in the direction of Morris's house.

"Where the devise is the master?" inquired the professor, as he seized a hot bucket of water from a man on the ground, and passed it up to the overseer, Scroggins, who was stationed on the ladder.

"He went out to an after supper at Constodore Burgle's, and he hasn't got back yet," answered the man, as he took the bucket and passed it to a negro on the roof.

"How the mischief did the fire break out?" inquired the professor, handing up another bucket.

Nobody knows. The mistress first found it out. She was woke up a smelling of smoke, and screeched out, and alarmed the house, and all run out into the yard. So careful there, Dorkil! Don't be afraid of singing your old woon nor breaking your old neck either! because if you did you'd only be scaling the kangaroos and the devil trouble, and be nearer to him, window! than the water full upon the flames!"

"Are all safe out of the house?" anxiously inquired the professor.

"They said so!" was the satisfactory answer.

At this moment, there was a sudden crash, with the hose, exclaiming:

"Here you are! I'll you will take this end, I will run and put the sucker to the spout of the pump."

"Good fellow, be off then!" answered Morris.

The hose was soon adjusted and played into the burning house.

At this moment there was a sudden outcry from the group of women and children, and the form of Mrs. Middleton was seen flying towards the professor.

Oh, Grainger! Grainger! as soon as she had reached the spot, "Oh, Grainger! the Burgle boys are still in the house! I thought they had been out! I thought I had seen them out! but it was two negro boys I declare in the dark for them! I have just found out my mistake! Oh, Grainger! my poor boys! what is to be done?"

"Pants on what room they're in, ma'am," hastily replied the overseer, while all the others stood speechless with horror-anxiety.

"Oh, they are in the front chamber there, immediately above the parlor!" cried Mrs. Middleton, wringing her hands in anguish, while those around her stood speechless with horror.

"More than a man's life would be worth to venture, ma'am. The ceiling of that burning room is on fire; it may fall in any moment, through crying the floor of the upper room with it."

"Oh, Grainger! Grainger! my poor boys! to perish so horribly in their early youth!"

"It's dreadful, ma'am, but can't be helped. It's as much as certain death to any man as goes into the house to attempt anything to help them."

"Grainger! Grainger! I cannot abandon these poor boys to their fate! think of their mother!"

"Indeed I will, ma'am, as much as I can! I will rescue those two boys! It is said men will risk their lives for a horse, I think I thought where you can be seen and heard and proclaim this—almost a hero—for the sake of the boys who will save the Burgle boys!"

The overseer then ran up the ladder, and after calling the attention of the whole mob by three loud whoops and waiting a moment for the noise was restored, he shouted—

"Freedom to any man who will save the Burgle boys from the burning building!"

He paused and waited for effect and the silence was unbroken.

"They won't risk it ma'am; life is sweet," said the overseer coming down from his post.

"I am not give them up likewise! I am not for their poor mother's sake! Go up once more! Tell them it is a prince in disguise! I'll share with his wife and children—if he will save those boys!" said Mrs. Middleton.

Once more the overseer mounted his post and thundered forth the promising lures.

"Freedom to any slave with his wife and children, who will rescue the Burgle boys!"

Again he paused for a response; and nothing but dead silence followed.

"I tell you they won't run the risk ma'am! Life is a precious thing to die in the state would!" said the overseer coming down.

And the children perish horribly in the fire and their mother will go raving mad; for I know I should do in her case!" cried Mrs. Middleton, wildly ringing her hands, and gazing in frightful agony upon the burning house.

"And oh! poor fellows! they are such naughty boys that I am afraid it will be a help-fire to the other one!" cried Claudia Merlin revealing, by bursting into fits of hysterical tears and beginning to sob.

"Oh! oh! oh! that I should live to see such a horrible sight! to stand here and gaze at that burning building and know that my own children's cap tackle and not be able to help them. Oh! oh! oh!" cried Mrs. Middleton, beating her hands and cries to which she was joined by all the women in the surrounding crowd.

"Professor! I can't stand this any longer! I'll do it!" exclaimed Ishmael Worth.

"Do what?" asked the astonished artist.

"Get those boys out!"

"You will kill yourself for nothing!"

"No, there is a chance for saving them, Professor, and I'll risk it!" said Ishmael preparing for action.

"You are mad! you shall not do it!" exclaimed the professor seizing the boy and holding him back.

"Let me go, Professor! I tell you I will do it! Let me go, I say! Did not Putnam would have done it, and so will I!" cried Ishmael, struggling, and trying to get free, while the flames burst from the building.

"Did George Washington wouldn't, you ran mad monkie, he would have had more presence of mind than to commit suicide!" exclaimed with grief and terror.

But Ishmael was out of hearing. He darted into the front hall, and up the main staircase, through which the smoke was rolling in dense and nearly suffocating him. Ishmael's excellent memory stood him in good stead. He had collected to have read that people pushing through a dense crowd in a panic would always keep their heads as near the floor as possible, in order to breathe; so when he entered the house reading, where the fire in the wing was at its height, and the smoke, which was Chelsea, had laid at all, he ducked his head quite low, and ran through the hall and up the front staircase to the floor upon which the boys slept.

Here the smoke was not so dense, and the door. It was fastened within. He rapped and called and shouted to the boys, but in vain. Their senses were dead, or dead asleep, it was impossible to tell which. Since himself could not possible to tell which. Since himself could not possible to get a breath of air, and then stood his head down to the floor, and then stooping down, he found the door, and then stooping down, he found the door, and then stooping down, he found the door

around them. It consisted chiefly of hands and eyes; women and children, whose pale features told the ravages of want; the idle and the vicious, with here and there one or two gazers belonging to the better classes.

The poor boy trembled violently when the sounds of their instruments first fell upon his ear. It was his father's favorite air. "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon."

"Not so bad," whispered John to his companion, when they had concluded. "For forbidad the last part seemed more than the former. De per beer!" he added, as the ballpence began to drop—silver, we fear very rarely—into their hats.

Poor Willie bowed his head to shame.

"What shall we gif' them next?"

"Choose for me," answered his friend.

"Maytie, ye would like a hymn?"

And without waiting a reply, the old man commenced the glorious "Old Hundredth."

God bless you, Mr. Hannan!" said several of the women, who had known the minister in his prosperous days. "We never thought to see you reduced to this."

And many of the speakers pressed their last penny into his hat.

"My poor father!" thought Martin; "alone in his sickness! Begging and playing for bread, whilst I stand shilling at a distance, as if I were ashamed of him. O pitiful child! Is this the promise I made my mother?"

With a resolute step the boy made his way through the crowd, walked up to the spot where Willie was standing, took his hand, and said,—

"Who is this?" demanded the blind man.

"Do you not know me, father?"

"My boy! my poor boy!" exclaimed Willie, falling upon his neck.

Several of the better dressed persons in the crowd looked frightened, and began to move into the background.

"Do yer hear 'em?" whispered John, with a chuckle. "Keep up yer courage, lad. There be no glamour in mither now! Stick to yer own!"

"Disgrace!" repeated Martin, who overheard him. "A mother to be ashamed of! Not that I was rich and his right. I should not have known his heart, perhaps, half so well as I now do. Father, I am not a man in Manchester, he added, "but I know how cruelly he has been befriended and plundered by the false friend he trusted."

Here a voice in the crowd called for a groan for John Bentley. A hundred voices responded to it.

He was the first to close his call," exclaimed one.

"The mane-spirited cur."

"Never was the poor man's friend."

"Nor say friend but his own," observed a woman, with a child in her arms. "I only wish I wor a man, that be all. The Bentleys be a bad lot."

"All but the infants, poor things! all but the infants!" said several.

"A bad lot, father and son," exclaimed a respectable-looking, and probably well-meaning man, who had worked when a lad with Willie in the mill. "The first robbed the poor father of the patent for his carding machine; Master Frederick—"

Martin sprang forward and grasped the speaker by the arm.

"Hush! Would you kill him?" he whispered. The speaker understood, and left the sentence unfinished.

These unexpected proofs of sympathy, instead of softening, rather added to the moral torture of the object of them. While Martin conversed, he was to get an end to it, immediately commenced another in which they all joined—with still increased success. As the last sounds died away, a girl, plainly but elegantly dressed, and closely veiled, forced her way through the crowd with desperate energy, and, without asking her eyes to the musicians, dropped her purse into the hat.

So sudden was the action, that the musicians before the spectators could recover from their surprise, the one recognized her but Martin.

It was his sister Ellen.

With a flushed cheek, and flashing eye, the proud-hearted boy snatched the purse from his father's hat, and it by itself, and hurled it over the heads of the crowd, in the direction she had taken.

A cheer followed the action. The motive was divined by those who witnessed it.

Martin clasped his hands to implore them to be silent.

"What has occurred?" asked his father.

"Nothing," replied the man. "Here are your purse; it is time that you returned. Mother will be anxious and alarmed."

"Yes, yes," answered Willie, falsely; "let us go home."

Martin was quite willing. They had much what he considered a very good opening to speak, and they retreated, the boy together, and the silent sympathy of the crowd.

Ellen, who would have given worlds to have fallen at the feet of her greatly-offended father, hurried on with her head and features in the deepest dejection, followed at a distance, supported by the arm of Frederick Bentley, who had most scarcely less agitated than herself at the scene he had witnessed.

"Be calm my love, he whispered—"you be very calm."

"My heart is breaking," exclaimed the repentant girl. "Oh how could I behave so good—so kind a parent!"

"He will forgive you."

"Never!"

"A father's heart," replied the young man, "rarely knows that word. His ilge may pronounce it in the hour of anguish; but his heart, head thoughts and gentler feelings gradually steal over that."

"My brother, too!"

"He is a noble fellow!" exclaimed Fred Bentley, with a burst of admiration. "I cannot tell you how longed to clasp him by the hand when he cast his purse indignantly from him; and yet I would that he had kept it, for your means must be found," he added, "to assist them in their poverty."

"My poor blind father!"

"I think your grandmother would consent to assist us in our project of helping them? Perhaps she might be induced to accept our aid."

"I do not know her," answered Ellen.

Rough, simple, and unlearned as she is, there is nothing in nature more obstinate than in my parents. She would scorn either more."

"At least let upon some other means," observed Frederick. "I have ill chosen my time to offer my happiness, not to have thought of it before."

The conversation regarded him inquiringly.

"You have an noble soul and a heart of gold."

"Yes."

"Have you heard from them lately?"

"Not since this fatal war commenced."

"Are they well off?"

"I know not."

"The affair can be easily arranged, then," said Fred. Bentley. "To-morrow I will go over to Liverpool. I can easily persuade one of your correspondents there to write to your father, stating that he had received orders from New York to pay to Ellie the sum of one hundred pounds from—Whatare their names?"

"Bessie Clyde and Samuel Hannan," answered Ellen.

"It shall be done at once," said her compassion finally. "And now listen to me, my love. In three days my father will arrive in Manchester. You know how necessary it is that I should give him an excuse for breaking his promise to me?"

"Do you think he souls one?"

"I know not that," replied Frederick Bentley.

Heaven forbid that I should accuse him unjustly. This much, at least, I may declare, that he has never been a kind parent to me. Once a position in the firm, to which I am the heir, they expect me back with God. You may guess how I regret his prejudice, when one dear father connected to the humiliation you witnessed!"

He could not allude more delicately to the scene in front of the Observatory.

"It must not occur again," said the weeping girl. "Promise me it shallnot. The sight of it almost killed me."

"And yet there was no dishonor in it."

"I know that."

"Martin—dear Martin!" continued his sister, "would forgive me, was moment. With all my faults, you know that I am truthful. I never deceived you."

"Never, till you left home!"

"Nor then, but for one—and oh! I can do so truthfully—that the money I offer you is not the price of shame! they may take it without a blush, a shadow of degradation. Would you refuse it?"

"Unless you proved it to me—yes."

"Then I will prove it."

"Not to save them," replied Martin, disengaging himself from her embrace. "Ellen you must not tempt me further. I cannot take the money. It is not mine. It belongs to the law." Should lose the right to scorn and hate those who have robbed my father, whom they rose as I am, I would tear limb from limb, and feel no pity for the deed. Leave me, my beloved."

"Bless him!" said the sorrowing girl, with streaming eyes, "even at all his trials!"

"Farewell," repeated her brother, hastily. "I cannot take your money, Ellen. Tell me—"

"Not to save them," replied Martin, disengaging himself from her embrace. "Ellen you must not tempt me further. I cannot take the money. It is not mine. It belongs to the law." I should lose the right to scorn and hate those who have robbed my father, whom they rose as I am, I would tear limb from limb, and feel no pity for the deed. Leave me, my beloved."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

A SLEEPY WISH.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

I wish I could sleep till we should be over,
And never wake up till I knew
The sisters so wayward had come to their use,
And punished Elephinx sorely.

Till Abraham settles the worrisome west,
And Davis—he don't venture here,
Whether Jefferies, lowly and humble, comes back,
Or is tied to the sour sage's tether.

Till cotton is growing and wool is put down,
Till dollars are dollars once more,
Till gold is at par, and the fountains flow
Why wanton to sop in a sea.

Till bonnets come down to shape and to price,
Till hoops are reduced to their size,
Agrarians thoughtful, as you cautiously sip,
Thrice thus the time factor to find.

I am tired of battles and fighting and blood,
Of saving poor, ragamuffin, shadowy souls;
Of hearing how General Somebody went
To a fort, and then came back again.

Of seeing brass buttons on laggards as brave,
Of shoddy—who holds his head high—
As the' he lived not from the blood on the ground,
Like Abel's, a foul butcher's cry.

Of swell and mosey coming over the sea
At the wounded Republic, our country,
For the scream of our eagle, outlaw'd in mew,
By the summons' loud shadow to battle.

Now if one could sleep—and upon a spring day,
Like a Governor, just winning of fame,
Should find everything in a prosperous state,
Methinks there would be a boon.

No more vacant chairs by the sad, wailing hearths;
No more "enlisting" fairs from the city;
Nor graves where a sister, and ill may be a flower,
Until such where a love waits.

My prayers for the Union, my heart for her flag,
My hopes for her triumph at last;
But as I can't fight, I do wish you could sleep
Till the wearisome struggle is past.

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 13.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

OUR FIRST ELEPHANTS.

On the morning of the sixth day from Fort Gooch, when we had got some distance away from our night's camping-place, old Bolus, who was some rods in advance, discovered the spoor of an elephant.

"Hold up!" I shouted, as the report was made to me. "If we are in the neighborhood of elephants, we must get a look out for them."

The others patiently agreed with me; and it was decided that we would stop as soon as we came to a favorable spot.

Half a mile further on we found just the place for moving and feeding our cattle, and we unyoked, and prepared for camping. We had not yet seen an elephant; though if the truth had been told to us by the natives, we had been for some days very near to the haunts of these monarchs animals. When the oxen had been cared for, and a proper guard selected to keep watch of the wagons, the rest of us mounted our horses, and set forth in quest of the game.

We had ridden two or three miles, and were just turning the brow of a somewhat steep hill, when Bolus gave a cry of surprise, and on the instant a wide form my eyes. Two acres to mine his. Below us by the margin of a small lake, and distant a third of a mile, were two full-grown elephants.

"They are old bulls!" exclaimed our guide. "If you get one of them follows, you'll get a prize!"

Get one of them! I meant to have one if it cost me a week of labor. I had my Winsley rifle in my hand, and my double-barrelled piece at my back; and I knew that I could send my steel-jacketed chickapoo through the side of any animal that walked upon the face of the earth. Elephants were up to their knees in the water, dipping with their trunks, and squirting at each other like playful kittens. I could see from where I sat that both of them carried enormous tusks; and Abner began at once to calculate how many dollars they would be worth. As the wind was favorable, the elephants had not yet discovered the proximity of enemies; so I was enabled to rest for a while and watch them. They were truly grand looking fellows—monarchs of flesh and life—with a strength which in some other shape might defy the world of brute force. They stood very nearly side by side, and I could detect no difference in their size.

"Shall I go and get the horses?" asked Abner, as I loosed the dogs, and put spurs to my horse, the rest of my company quickly followed me. I took a sweep around the hill, so as to keep to windward of the game and finally came to a halt directly towards them. When within about a quarter of a mile the barking of the dogs aroused their attention, and they threw their trunks into the air, and looked around. The next moment I gave a second ball and the victim threw up its trunk with a wild snort, and started off. But he could not keep pace with his companion, and before he had gone a dozen yards I had given him three charges of my double-barrel, which seemed to hurt him more than the first one, for he stopped and leaned up against a tree. Harry saw how matters stood, and while I was reloading, he again, he ran around to a favorable point, and let drive two balls at the wounded mammoth.

"Quick! quick!" he cried, as he saw the elephant start from the tree. "My rifles are empty! We must not lose that fellow. Where is Fletcher? He has a rifle."

The rule up at that moment, and handed to Harry a rifle just as I had driven my second bullet home; as we were both ready for work again. But we had no need to expend any more ammunition upon the elephant ourselves, for he had stopped again; and after swaying a few times to and fro, in a vain endeavor to steadily himself upon his legs, he sank forward on his knees, and soon rolled over upon his left side, dead.

I did not stop to gaze long upon our prize, for I wished very much to secure his mate; so, waiting to my saddle, I gave the word to move on just as Abner and Ben came up. I had both my rifles charged and was ready for work. I knew the direction the fugitive elephant had taken, and ere long I came upon a track of sand, between a couple of small hills, in which were the prints of his feet. Anxious as I was to overtake the game, I could not resist the impulse to stop and look at those enormous foot-prints. They were fully two feet in diameter; deeply pressed into the yielding sand; and, as I sat in my saddle and gazed upon them, I could hardly bring myself to realize that any living animal had made them.

Through this valley we followed the trail, and upon turning into the level country beyond, we saw the elephant, standing by a deep jungle of trees and bushes, gazing eagerly around as though waiting for his companion. I expected to see him start off as soon as he got wind of us; but he did no such thing. He threw his trunk high into the air and waved it to and fro.

"If he makes a stand," said I, turning to my companions, "we must surround him."

Harry suggested that he and Ben should ride around to the left, while I and Abner kept to the right.

This suited me, and we started. The dogs were after the noble game pell-mell, howling with defiant confidence. They had seen the first monster fall, and they evidently fancied that there was no great danger. When within fifty yards of the elephant I stopped. He did not yet offer to run, but continued to look about with his trunk; his head, fan-like ears flapping up and down, and his whole attitude a hero awaiting cry, like the guarding of a distant watch-fire. All I was afraid of was this: that I would my fire to watch him. As I sat there old Bolus rode up and joined me, and whispered:

"That elephant is ripe for mischief," he said.

"He knows that we have done some injury to his mate, and he is mad. If he wasn't almost crazy, he would not stop there."

I had imagined all this; for, ordinarily, the elephant is one of the most timid of animals. At the sight of a single man whole droves flee in terror; and to have a body stand at the master that, with a favorable wind, they smell the scent a third of a mile off from the other hand, when, from ages to within, the elephant turns to charge, becomes one of the most dangerous animals known to the hunting man. I directed my companions to look well to their horses, and to keep their rifles ready for work.

As soon as I had gained a favorable position, I took deliberate aim, and fired; and without the report of my piece had reverberated to the woods, Harry and Ben had discharged their rifles also. Abner had reserved his fire, but not for a great while. As the elephant felt the pain he gave a sharp cry, and made a dash upon the dogs, striking one of them with the left tusk, and sending him full twenty yards away. While I was charging my pistols previous to discharging my double-barrelled piece, I retarded my Winsley rifle; and gave it a ball, striking home the ball, Harry and Ben fired again. The elephant turned towards them, and I was upon the point of calling out to them to have a care, when Abner, who was now by my side, fired both the charges of his double-barrel. This proved to be the turning point for the wounded monster. He turned towards us, with a perfect howl of pain and rage, and dashed forward at a headlong run. I was now expecting something of this kind, and had been prepared for it. I did not wait for an more with him; I could before."—"What?" said Abner, as I spoke. "You don't mean to say that you would be able to see with a glass eye?"—"Certainly I did. Will you be so good as to hand me my rifle?" I added, as Abner had ordered the eye to be set, and until M. Tamtier should be with us to perform the delicate surgery him a seat. I fear a wig, which is quite as much in vogue as the glass eye, would be the which answer as well as those which I have lost; who is acquainted with the secret of the "make-up" The Jups in Fair endeavored to imitate Fletcher's style; but they got the wigs and eyes on their heads in such a manner that they gave the fact a secret? The chance of finding anything of the kind in the interior of Africa would be next to one in ten thousand.

"Well, then," said Abner, "I suppose you will be one in ten thousand.

"The location of marrow are letters of reputed of epoch. A letter of surgery in a lesson or extraordinary of the operation of the eye, and the extraction of the ear sation, to the subjects or citizens thereof to make reprisals upon the property and persons of the subjects or citizens of independent or injuries received, or refusal to make compensation for the same, and to issue letters of marque and reprisal for that purpose, signed by the British Empire, Austria, Prussia, &c., and countersigned by the Secretary of State, under the seal of the Foreign Office, and to grant commissions to the commanders of ships and others to look at, and not for the weaver to look at, but for the loom. The eye is the window of the soul, and the woman acting under them would, if taken by the enemy, be liable to be sentenced to the torture of the rack.

"Pshaw!—What good would it do for you to go to search for the eye of a woman? Do you intend to marry one?" is beneficial? Do you intend to kill him, if you find him in search of the eye of a child of the weaker sex? and hand? If not, it would be you no good to find him, for he would be of no use to you. Do you intend to your "seeking honor? That "mysterious trouble" is the eye of a child, and you must not look for it in the eye of a woman of which I am so respect that you are in search of. Do you intend to search for the eye of a child, and you must not look for it in the eye of a child, and you must not look for it in the eye of a child, and you must not look for it in